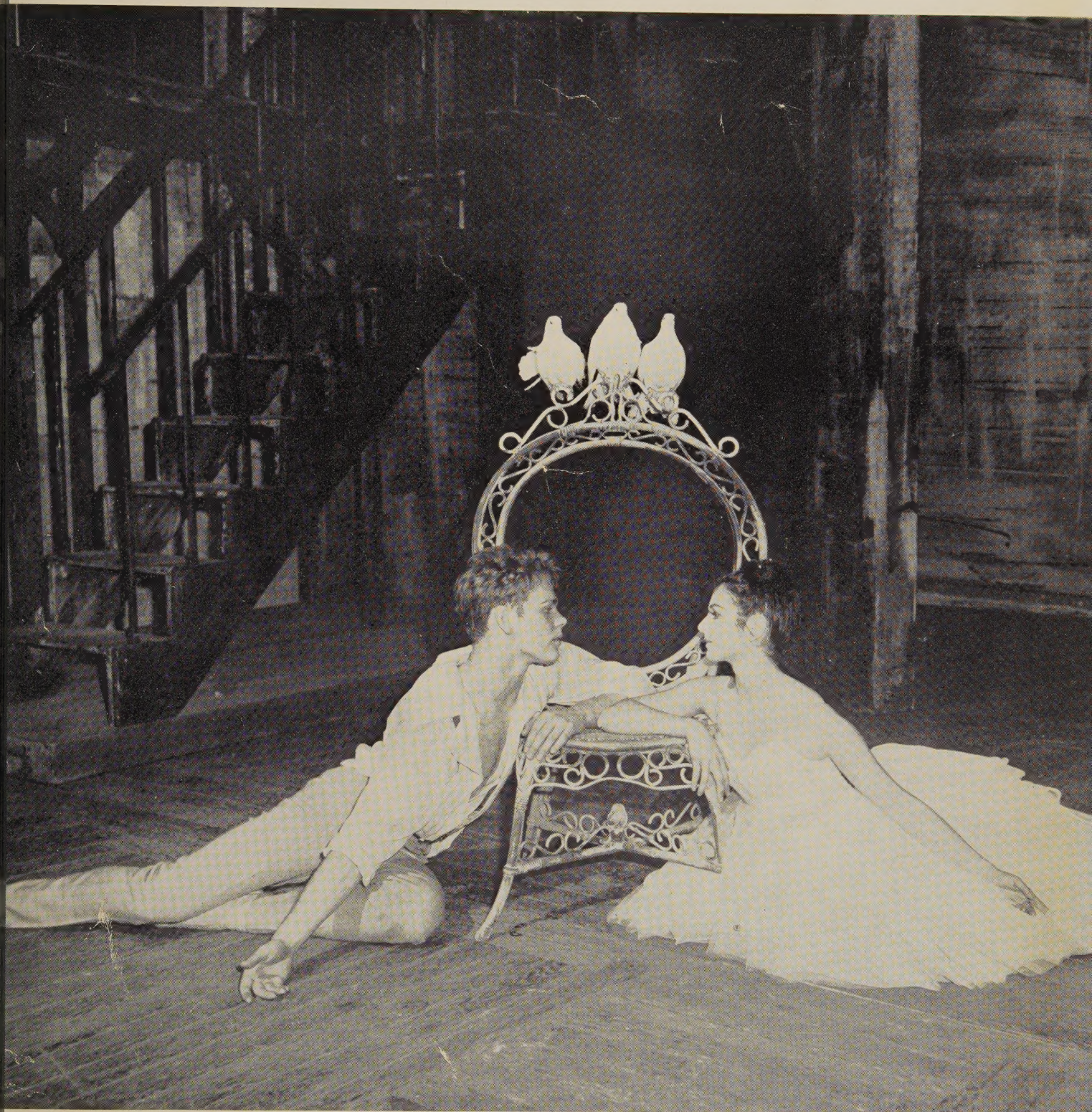


APRIL, 1961

TWO SHILLINGS

Ballet TODAY



YOUNG LOVE

Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable in *Les Deux Pigeons*

Ballet TODAY

A MONTHLY REVIEW DEVOTED TO DANCE

ESTABLISHED 1946

IN THIS ISSUE

APRIL 1961

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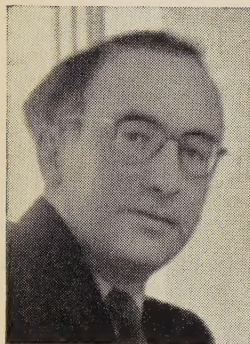
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LONDON reviews by Fernau Hall

TOKYO 1961
LES DEUX PIGEONS
THE ROYAL BALLET SEASON
KING KONG



NEW YORK Hope Sheridan's report



PARIS News and reviews reported by Ferdinand Reyna



RUSSIA Soviet Ballet News from Nina Karasyova

SAN FRANCISCO Jack Anderson's monthly review



OUR MAY ISSUE WILL BE PUBLISHED ON 27th APRIL

Backstage

THE LAST PREMIÈRE

Admirers offering their congratulations to the Marquis de Cuevas at the première of his last production *The Sleeping Beauty*. His company had just finished a highly successful season in Paris shortly before his death. (See OBITUARY on page 5.)

Photo by Robert Cohen



CAMERAS at the TV Centre, Shepherds Bush, move in for a close-up of Lucette Aldous and Flemming Flindt in the television production of Ballet Rambert's *La Sylphide*, which viewers will see on the BBC programme on 2nd April.

WISE COUNSEL

Dame Ninette de Valois gives last words of advice to Christopher Gable prior to the dress rehearsal of Frederick Ashton's new ballet *Les Deux Pigeons*. The leading role was to have been taken by Donald Britton but just before the première he contracted influenza and Gable substituted for him.

Photo: Ian James

Christopher Gable was born in London 1940 and joined the Royal Ballet Company in September 1957. He began to dance solo roles during the Australian tour of 1958/9. With Lynn Seymour he enjoyed great success in Kenneth MacMillan's new ballet *The Invitation*, and now these two young people have scored a tremendous success, charming critics and public alike with their performance in the new Ashton ballet premiered in the presence of the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret at a Gala Performance on the 14th February.

Lynn Seymour was born in Vancouver in 1938. She was auditioned for the Sadler's Wells Ballet during their fifth North American tour of 1953, and was the only girl to be awarded a scholarship to the Sadler's Wells Ballet School during that time. She entered the school in 1954 and three years later joined the Company. After only five months Miss Seymour created her first solo role at Covent Garden in January 1958, in Kenneth MacMillan's *The Burrow*. Her latest three created roles: The Bride in *Le Baiser de la Fée* and *The Invitation* (both by Kenneth MacMillan) and the Girl in Frederick Ashton's *Les Deux Pigeons*.



editor's log



My picture shows Olive Ripman (left), Grace Cone (right), directors of the Arts Educational Schools, seated in their study at Tring Park Mansion, formerly the residence of Lord Rothschild

DODGING the fruit and vegetable barrows has always been a bit of a scramble for those who have business to do in Covent Garden, but in early April there will be a new hazard. About that time balletomanes from far and wide will move in in force to book their seats for the Kirov Ballet season which opens at the Royal Opera House on the 19th of June.

And, if the Bolshoi season is anything to go by, it will not only be regular ballet-goers who will besiege the box office. I met friends at the Opera House during the 1956 season who admitted that in the usual way they never attended ballet performances, but "simply had to book for the Bolshoi to see what all the fuss was about."

Students of the history of ballet will know that the Kirov Theatre was originally the famous Maryinsky at St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) and in 1860 housed the Imperial Ballet attached to the Court of the Tsar. It was from there that the majority of the great Russian dancers received their training and commenced their careers—Pavlova, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Lopokova, Fokine and Ulanova, to name only a few—and the foundations of classical ballet were first laid.

The programme during the season will be *Swan Lake*, *Sleeping Beauty*, and Prokofiev's *The Stone Flower* with choreography by Lavrovsky. *Les Sylphides* will form a double bill with *Giselle*, and the fifth programme will be a series of excerpts from various ballets in their repertory.

BETWEEN the dream of success and achievement lies a long, hard road of disappointment and frustration. Even hard work cannot bridge the gap, there is no guarantee of success. Perhaps the hardest part falls to the lot of the backroom boys and girls, that gallant band of hardworking people, the teachers. No fee can ever repay them for the guiding hand, the word of encouragement at the right moment, the iron discipline, the instinct to steer young talent in the right direction.

I was reminded of the debt we owe them when recently I attended a housewarming party for the press given by Miss Grace Cone and Miss Olive Ripman, directors of the Arts Educational Schools, at their new premises at Hyde Park Corner. Many of the stars of to-day have said publicly that they owe a

great deal to their help and tuition in the early stages of their careers, but they are not content to rely on past achievements, their interest lies with the next generation, the stars of the future.

Real talent is extremely rare and it is therefore all the more surprising to find that this organisation has so many young pupils who have already found success in the entertainment world. Amongst those I met at the party was Anna Carteret, who had to hurry off to the Scala where she is understudying Juliet Mills as Wendy in *Peter Pan*; Nicholas Chagrin, who had played the part of Puck in the production in Holland of Benjamin Britten's opera *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with such success that he was asked to play the same role in John Gielgud's production of the opera at Covent Garden. Young John Parsons, who made such an impression on the critics in Norman Dixon's ballet *The Cord*, is now playing Dickie Henderson's son in the serial on television. Three pupils are appearing in *Flower Drum Song*, others have film and TV engagements. And of course visitors to the Festival Ballet yearly production of *Nutcracker* will know that "Clara" and the children's corps de ballet are also pupils from this school.

The seventeen-year-old girl who showed me round the practice rooms had originally taken up ballet but later decided she wanted to be a dramatic actress. Her poise, charm and self-possession proved to me once more than nothing is ever lost by allowing young people to take up ballet, even though it does not fall to all to make this their career.

In addition to their premises at Hyde Park Corner the organisation has a residential school in beautiful Tring Park.

The Royal Ballet in London

The new extended *Giselle* produced by Frederick Ashton in collaboration with Mme. Karsavina, and first seen by American audiences during the 1960-61 tour, will have its first performance at Covent Garden on 4th April with Fonteyn and Somes dancing the leading roles. A number of passages from the original score have been restored giving more scope to some of the mime scenes. Berthe's recounting of the legend of the Wilis has been reproduced by Karsavina. Ashton has also arranged a new

solo for the girl in the peasant pas de deux, using the music originally composed by Adam for *Giselle's* Act I variation, and several passages for the corps de ballet have also been extended. Nerina, Beriosova and Page will also take the leading role at later performances.

Beriosova will be seen in *Ondine* on 30th March partnered by Donald Macleary. This will be the first time that London audiences have seen the role danced by anyone except its creator Margot Fonteyn. Beriosova has danced it once before—in San Francisco last November. Miss Beriosova will also be appearing in *Le Baiser de la Fée* and *Antigone* during April.

Lynn Seymour, who has had such great success in *The Invitation* and *Les Deux Pigeons*, will appear in these two ballets during the present season and in addition will dance the leading role in *Danses Concertantes* for the first time on 5th April, with Desmond Doyle and Donald Britton.

In Japan.

On 10th April a section of the Royal Ballet will fly to Japan to appear at the Tokyo Festival which opens on 17th April, followed by performances at the Osaka Festival. The cast will include Margot Fonteyn, Beryl Grey, Michael Somes, Anya Linden, Brian Shaw, Bryan Ashbridge, Donald Britton and Lynn Seymour, and the repertory will be *Giselle*, *Swan Lake*, *Checkmate*, *Danses Concertantes*, *Les Sylphides*, *Solitaire*, *Veneziana*, *Les Patineurs* and *La Fête Étrange*. On the return flight the Company will give three performances in Hong Kong.

Fact—not Fiction

We have long since given up reporting the persistent rumours that John Gilpin would be dancing at the Royal Opera House. After John had said so himself over the air it was again denied. But Gilpin was right—he is to appear as guest artist for seven performances between April and June. Starting off in April in *Les Patineurs*, Gilpin will take the lead in two performances of *Coppelia*, with Merle Park and Antoinette Sibley as his Swanildas. He will appear on Fonteyn/Somes nights in *Sleeping Beauty* as one of the Blue Birds (Annette Page will be the other Blue Bird), and at the end of the season will take the lead in *Sleeping Beauty* with Anya Linden as Aurora.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS DE CUEVAS

by FERDINAND REYNA

THE last public appearance of the Marquis in Paris this winter was a surprising one.

Taken on the stage in a wheel-chair, draped in his red and black cape and speaking into a microphone, he announced that, notwithstanding the rumours, the company still was his, and that he was the sole proprietor and director. Then he left for Cannes.

A month ago he spent five days in a Paris clinic, and a miracle was hoped for. But the miracle did not take place; and 48 hours after the arrival of his Company at Cannes the Marquis died—on Wednesday, 22nd February at 6.30 p.m.

His last words were for the members of his company. He was about to dictate to his secretary a message for them. "My dear..." he spoke in a whisper; then his head fell back on the pillow, and it was all over.

The sad news was quickly taken to the members of the company in the Casino Theatre. But no one was there: dancers and dressers had already left after the afternoon rehearsal.

The performance due to take place that night was cancelled. The wife of the Marquis, Margaret Strong, flew to Paris from New York and then came on to Cannes by train. The funeral service was held on Saturday, 25th February at 5 p.m. in the church Notre-Dame des Pins. The Marquise and her son John were able to arrive in time, but her daughter Elizabeth was unable to make the journey.

The dancers who kept watch beside the Marquis in his mahogany coffin, draped in white satin, were unable to remain until the end of the funeral, for they had to dance that evening in Nice.

The Marquis de las Cuevas became a legend in his lifetime. Said to be a descendant of one of the conquistadors who fought with Pizarro, he was born in Santiago, Chile, towards the end of the last century. His exact age has never been known: 75 or more? He had a craze for making himself look young, and at first nights he had himself given a youthful mask by experts in this art. His father was a Spanish banker and his mother a Danish noblewoman. He came to Europe at the age of 7. At first he wanted to be a bull-fighter, then wanted to be a dancer when he saw Nijinsky. The French actress Cécile

Sorel gave him, a little later, a taste and a passion for the theatre.

In 1927 Cuevas made the acquaintance of Prince Youssouppoff, the man who killed Rasputin, who was then occupied with fashion. In this same year a great heiress from America landed in Europe: Margaret Strong, grand-daughter of John D. Rockefeller. Youssouppoff, it seems, would have liked to put his princely crown on the head of the young millionairess; but Margaret preferred the coat of arms of the Cuevas. They were married in Paris. The Marquise shared with her husband a liking for pomp and splendour, high society and brilliant receptions. The last war found the couple in America, and it was then that the Marquise suggested to her husband the formation of a ballet school for children made refugees from their own countries by the war and the difficulties of the period. This first enterprise became in 1944 a company which had some success in the United States. Three years later, Georges de Cuevas was called in to direct the Ballets de Monte Carlo; and in 1947 he presented his company in Paris, one evening in November, in the Alhambra music hall.

He presented in Paris stars born and trained in America (such as Rosella Hightower) and other young dancers, trained in Paris, who had been kept away from Europe by the war, and who returned as mature artists: André Eglevsky, Georges Skibine, and others. Serge Golovine and Vladimir Skouratoff gained fame though working for the Marquis. This was the beginning of a glorious adventure which, in fact, lasted 15 years.

The Marquis combined fairly sure taste in artistic matters with a spirit of buffoonery to which he gave full license. At a first night his hoarse cries of "bravo" rang out in the theatre, encouraging those of the public. He lived only for his company, and when debts piled up he pretended to be dying. If a cable arrived from America saying "No more money for ballet" he would reply "I shall let myself die"; and always—though sometimes after a delay—the cheque would arrive and save the situation. His faith in art was touching. He called his dancers his children. With his generous heart he aided all those who came to him in need.

The picturesque fantasy which surrounded

the life of the Marquis should not make one forget the 100 ballets which made up the repertoire of the company, with their scores, their scenery and their costumes: all this beauty was brought into being by him without any outside subsidy, entirely by his own efforts.

In 1954, in his estate of Chiberta near Biarritz, he achieved great international publicity by the ball of the century; those attending included two ex-crowned heads, 66 princes, 32 dukes, 27 marquises, 186 counts, 48 barons and 2,000 other celebrities.

The evening cost 50 million francs. Elsa Maxwell, the Hollywood hostess, was there dressed as Sancho Panza; Merle Oberon wore jewels worth 91 million francs; Zizi Jeanmaire came semi-nude on a camel; and the Marquis had himself made a gold costume worthy of the Roi Soleil, Louis XIV.

In 1958 he fought a duel with Serge Lifar. He gave him a scratch on the arm, and they were reconciled: honour was saved.

But his greatest adventure was his last show. To present *The Sleeping Beauty* the Marquis spent 150 million francs, and had to sell his collections and his apartment in the Quai Voltaire.

"This is my last ballet, my testament," declared the Marquis to friends who came to congratulate him in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, where he had himself brought in a wheel-chair in spite of the fact that this was forbidden by the doctors.

But this last venture was a triumph. The theatre was packed every evening right up to 18th February when he left for Cannes.

This decisive success, however, does not abolish the serious problems which the death of the Marquis poses for the management of the company. Without his financial support, the company will not be able to exist. Here the final word rests with the Marquise de Cuevas.

In this respect a statement by M. Horacio Guerrico, artistic director of the company, is of interest. He declared on French television that there is no question of the ballet company of the Marquis continuing to operate; it will, in fact, cease to exist in August.

The body of the Marquis will remain in the little cemetery in Cannes, and will not be taken to America.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Ardent and rather older ballet goers will recall, and may indeed have high up on their shelves, a gentle little book by the late L. J. H. Bradley entitled *Sixteen Years of Ballet Rambert*.

It struck me tonight on reading his friendly work yet again that 1961 marks the anniversary of the SECOND sixteen years of this ebullient name!

Is it therefore too much to hope that someone will record this second phase in print and photograph?

The recent and too early death of dear Paltenghi emphasises the urgent need for it to be done *now* while those who are still a solid part of it all may help with true recollection and comment; but please, oh please, let it be presented simply and above all gladly, as did Uncle Leo Bradley, using the same original Stevenson embellishments to act as continuity from one generation to another.

Yours truly,

WALTER GORE

Letters to the Editor should be clearly marked "Not for publication" if you do not wish them to appear in print.

Dear Madam,

Numerous references to the "new" Festival Ballet and its "new" policy prompt one to wonder whether any alteration will be made in that Company's policy of not announcing their casts in advance.

During the Christmas season at Festival Hall one was confronted with a formidable list of Sugar Plum Fairies and Nutcracker Princes but with no way of discovering which ones would be dancing on a certain night. This may be quite satisfactory to the casual ballet-goer taking the children for their Christmas treat, but to the discriminating part of the ballet audience it could prove maddening to find that one had to sit through an evening of seeing one's "pet hate" in the ballerina role. It would also be quite possible to visit half a dozen performances and not strike one in which one's favourite "Sugar Plum" was dancing.

The fact that the Royal Ballet can announce its casts at the Opera House, often as much as eight weeks ahead, without often having to make any alteration on the night, proves that it can be done.

How about the "New" Festival Ballet doing a good turn to its regular patrons in the coming Summer Season, so that we can have a little choice in booking to see their various Odiles, Witch Boys, Sylphides and Junior Cadets?

Yours truly,

A discriminating ballet-goer.

PROGRAMMES FOR THE MONTH

THE ROYAL BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

23rd Mar.	Thurs. (eve)	<i>Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Pineapple Poll</i>
24th "	Fri. (eve)	<i>Ondine</i> (Fonteyn, Somes)
25th "	Sat. (mat)	<i>La Fille Mal Gardée</i> (Park, Macleary)
25th "	Sat. (eve)	<i>La Fille Mal Gardée</i> (Nerina, Blair)
27th "	Mon. (eve)	<i>Ondine</i> (Fonteyn, Somes)
28th "	Tues. (eve)	<i>The Sleeping Beauty</i> (Nerina, Blair)
29th "	Wed. (eve)	<i>Les Deux Pigeons, Danses Concertantes</i>
30th "	Thurs. (eve)	<i>Ondine</i> (Beriosova, Macleary)
1st Apr.	Sat. (mat)	<i>Les Deux Pigeons, Danses Concertantes</i>
1st "	Sat. (eve)	<i>Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Pineapple Poll</i>
3rd "	Mon. (eve)	<i>Les Deux Pigeons, Danses Concertantes</i>
4th "	Tues. (eve)	<i>Giselle</i> (Fonteyn, Somes)
5th "	Wed. (eve)	<i>Danses Concertantes, The Invitation, Pineapple Poll</i>
6th "	Thurs. (eve)	<i>Giselle</i> (Fonteyn, Somes)
7th "	Fri. (eve)	<i>Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Patineurs, Antigone</i>
8th "	Sat. (mat)	<i>The Sleeping Beauty</i> (Page, Hynd)
8th "	Sat. (eve)	<i>The Sleeping Beauty</i> (Linden, Doyle)
10th "	Mon. (eve)	<i>La Fille Mal Gardée</i> (Park Macleary)
11th "	Tues. (eve)	<i>Ondine</i> (Beriosova, Macleary)
12th "	Wed. (eve)	<i>Giselle</i> (Nerina, Blair)
13th "	Thurs. (eve)	<i>Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Patineurs, Antigone</i>
14th "	Fri. (eve)	<i>Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Patineurs, Antigone</i>
15th "	Sat. (mat)	<i>Giselle</i> (Page, Hynd)
15th "	Sat. (eve)	<i>Giselle</i> (Nerina, Blair)
17th "	Mon. (eve)	<i>Giselle</i> (Beriosova, Macleary)
19th "	Wed. (eve)	<i>The Firebird, Lady and the Fool, Les Patineurs</i> (John Gilpin as guest artist)
20th "	Thurs. (eve)	Same programme as 19th.
25th "	Tues. (eve)	<i>Ondine</i> (Beriosova, Macleary)
27th "	Thurs. (eve)	<i>La Fille Mal Gardée</i> (Nerina, Blair)
29th "	Sat. (mat)	<i>Giselle</i> (Beriosova, Macleary)

BALLET RAMBERT ON TOUR

w/c 27th March Lyceum, Sheffield

The Company then go on holiday for three weeks in April and then commence their Italian tour. Their London season will be at Sadler's Wells for two weeks commencing July 3rd.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN

The Royal Ballet GISELLE

A new extended production, supervised by Frederick Ashton in collaboration with Tamara Karsavina, with expanded mime scenes and a new solo in the peasant pas de deux.

April 4, 6	April 12, 15	April 15 (mat)
Fonteyn, Somes	Nerina, Blair	Page, Hynd
April 17, 29 (mat) : Beriosova, Macleary		

Full details from Box Office COV 1066

FESTIVAL BALLET FOREIGN TOUR

Monte Carlo for the Easter Season
6th-9th Apr. Giuseppe Verdi Theatre, Trieste

English Tour

w/c 10th Apr.	Hippodrome, Brighton
" 17th "	Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton
" 24th "	Hippodrome, Bristol
" 1st May	Alhambra, Bradford
" 8th "	Bournemouth Pavilion

Foreign Tour

25th May-2nd June	San Carlos, Napoli
5th-11th "	Opera House, Rome
13th-14th "	Casino Theatre, Geneva
15th-16th-17th "	Beaulieu Theatre, Lausanne
20th-23rd "	Florence (for the Festival)
25th-26th-27th "	Turin
3rd-4th-5th-6th July	Opera House, Zurich

The Company then returns to London to rehearse for the opening of the Summer Season at Royal Festival Hall in July.

SCOTTISH NOTES

Brazilians in Glasgow

THE Brazilian company, Ballet do Rio de Janeiro, halved their week at Glasgow's King's Theatre (30th January-4th February) with seven ballets: an eighth, Vaslav Veltschek's *Preludios* to music by Mijnone was dropped from the programme in the second half in favour of William Dollar's *Divertimento* (Rossini-Britten), which also provided the curtain-piece for the first.

Dollar also choreographed two of the other works given on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—*Death of a Bird*, to Villa Lobos' music with extremely colourful costumes by Darcy Penteado, and *The Combat*, to music by Rafaelo de Banfield. The last is worth singling out as perhaps the most impressive of Dollar's ballets and, indeed, of the entire repertoire. It is based on two cantos of an epic poem by Tasso, the first scene telling of the meeting of Clorinda, a pagan warrior and Tancredo, a Christian knight, the second of their encounter in mortal combat after which Tancredo discovers he has killed the lady he loves.

Dollar's stylized equestrian movements are so successfully conceived and so well executed by Noemia Wainer and Decio Otero that one is perfectly convinced after a few moments that the characters are indeed riding about on

chargers and facing up to one another with sword and shield—and this completely without benefit of any props or accoutrements. The highest praise one can give this ballet is to say that choreography, music and the dancers' skill and acting ability blend into a complete and gripping dramatic illusion.

Of course, this "experimental stuff" is not everyone's cup of tea, but those who came to see the Brazilian company in its classical paces were not disappointed by Dollar's *Concerto* (Mendelssohn), with fine dancing by prima ballerina Alice Colino and leading male dancer Raul Severo, by Maryla Gremo's *Concerto Brasileiro* (Heckel Tavares), or by *Divertimento* (already mentioned) in which the entire company's clean precision testified to its classical accomplishment. I had seen Verchinina's *Zuimaaluti* on the Friday before turning to Mr. Hall's note on its performance in the R.A.D. Gala Matinée in the February issue of this magazine, and agree entirely with what he says about the limitations imposed on Elsa Garcia Galvez by the choreography; the incongruity of going on points in bare feet struck me immediately. The dancing here should have matched the primitive character of the theme and setting, and might have compensated those among the audience who came expecting to see exotic Brazilian

spectacle rather than primarily classical work. Better advance publicity in Glasgow, too, might have brought more of the City's ballet-goers to the theatre.

I put this point to Mr. Dennis Coomber, the stage manager, who said they were trying to remedy this lack for their following week's engagement at the Royal Court, Liverpool. No further British dates had at that time been settled, he told me, but Irina Morduch, the company's business manager, was exploring various possibilities on the Continent. D. K. CAMERON

The Edinburgh Ballet Theatre, directed by Marjory Middleton, is to give performances at the Gateway Theatre commencing Monday, 24th April.

Miss Middleton herself is responsible for the choreography of *Seasons*, to music by Glazounov; John Gough supplies the score for *Muckle Mou'd Meg*, based on the border ballad (no choreographer is mentioned for this piece); *L'Arlesienne* by Bizet has been interpreted choreographically by Anne Frater, and there will be other—as yet unspecified—works in the programme.

Edinburgh ballet-goers can book for these performances at the Scottish Ballet School, 16, Grosvenor Crescent, or at the Gateway.

News from here and there

Germany

Dr. Wilfried Hofmann, for some years our correspondent in Munich until he left for the United States to study at Harvard, is to return to the ballet scene as from 1st April. With his wife, Betsy, whom he met in ballet circles in America, he is to take up residence in Bonn as Attaché at the Foreign Office, and will be reporting the news for us from that city and Cologne.

Munich

William (Bill) Miliè (Albrecht in Kinch's *Giselle's Revenge*) is now under a one year contract as choreographer-in-chief of the German Bavaria film corporation, doing TV-ballets for the Vico Torriani-Show. His partners are Domini de Lutry, Christine Hennessy.

Michel de Lutry and the American negro dancer Jean Hill are permanent teachers at the Kora Montez Studio in Munich.

The Munich Ballet Festival 1961 will take place from June 9-14th, the last day being a gala performance. There will be three new ballets by Heinz Rosen, Poulenc's *Aubade*, Killmayer's *Buffonata* and *La Tragedia di Orfeo*—especially composed for the occasion. Guest dancers will be: Erik Bruhn (due to dance with Anya and in *Josefslegende*), Peter v. Dijk with Charratt (*Grieg Concerto*), Sonia Arova and Job Sanders, Irina Borowska. Also invited are Beryl Grey (for *Swan Lake*), Veronika Mlakar (for *La Dame a la Licorne*) and Edeltraut Brexner with Willi Dirl of the Vienna Opera.

America

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival commences on 30th June, and will be the 20th Season. The faculty will include Alfredo Corvino, Margaret Craske (ballet), Myra Kinch (Modern Dance), La Meri, Carola Goya and Matteo (Ethnic Dance), Ann Hutchinson (Dance Notation), Paula Koner (Elements of Performing), Myra Kinch and Manuel Galea (Dance Composition), John Christian (Stagecraft Workshop for Dancers), Eugenie Dozier (History of Dance). And of course Ted Shawn himself. Choreographer in residence will be Nel Roos from Amsterdam. There are to be three, six and nine week courses.

Stockholm

Swedish choreographer Birgit Cullberg is to stage two of her ballets in Santiago de Chile in August, reports the Stockholms-Tidningen. The programme will probably be made up of *The Lady from the Sea*—her latest production—and *Miss Julie* or *The Moon Reindeer*.

The dancers will be the Chilean ballet group, headed by Ernst Uthoff, internationally known ballet master, who visited the Stockholm Opera recently. Miss Cullberg will arrive in Santiago at the beginning of July.

In June, Miss Cullberg is to stage a new ballet in U.S.A., in the American Ballet Theatre, probably with new music composed by an American.

Edinburgh Festival 1961

This year the Edinburgh Festival Society will present "Musical Theatre," a season of works in which music, ballet, drama, operetta and pantomime all combine. The Festival will be held from the 20th August to the 9th

September at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh.

For the last week (September 4-9) the programme will consist of three works all dating from the period between the wars and all including singers as well as dancers. The production will be by the Western Theatre Ballet (director, Elizabeth West) whose dancers will be joined by picked solo singers and the Scottish National Orchestra under their conductor Alexander Gibson (assisted by the ballet's Scottish musical director Bryden Thomson).

Lotte Lenya will be starred in the first performance here since 1933 of the Brecht-Weill classic, *The Seven Deadly Sins*, repeating her original role of the singing "Anna" while the dancing "Anna" will be played by Anya Linden, on loan from the Royal Ballet. The work is the story of two sisters—really one person—who leave their family in Louisiana intent upon making their fortunes so that their family can build a home for their return. Their adventures take them to various employments in seven cities throughout America where the beautiful dancing "Anna" is exposed to each of the seven deadly sins. In a style itself reminiscent of "The Threepenny Opera" the story is unfolded with biting humour: vocally by "Anna" and her "Family" (two tenors and two bases), and choreographically by Anya Linden and the dancers of the Western Theatre Ballet. The translation of the text is by W. H. Auden and the choreography will be by Kenneth Macmillan.

Opening the programme will be the first performance in this country of Darius Milhaud's *Salade* (words by Albert Flament). This ballet was written for Leonide Massine's company in 1924 and based upon an Italian play in the Commedia dell'Arte style called *Insalata*. The choreography will be staged by Western Theatre Ballet's principal choreographer, Peter Darrell.

The second piece of the evening will be Stravinsky's *Renard*, a burlesque based upon a Russian folk tale about a cunning and greedy fox who nearly gets away with murder in a farmyard, but finally gets her deserts. Alfred Rodrigues is the choreographer.

London

Massine Play

Leonide Massine's *Miracle Play Laudes Evangelii* will be seen on ITV Television on March 31st at 9.35 p.m. The play, which consists of mime, acting, dancing, singing, soloists, and orchestra has had three presentations in Italy, but has never been seen in England or on television before, and is usually performed in a church. Cast will include Angelo Pietri as our Lord, Orlova as Elizabeth, Gerard Ohn as the archangel Gabriel, Leonide Massine, Jun. as John the Baptist, Alberto Testa as Judas, Tatiana Massine as Mary, Elletra Morini as Rachel and Nicola Petrof as Joseph. Arrangements are under way for the Play to be presented on stage in Paris.

Ballet Rambert

The Rambert television production of *La Sylphide* is now scheduled for 2nd April at 9.55 p.m. The date has been altered so that viewers will not have to make a choice between this programme on BBC and the ITV presentation of the Massine play reported above.



Print of Markova

Readers may like to know that the painting by Carlotta Edwards of Markova in *Le Cygne* (which we published in full colour as our cover picture December 1959 issue) has now been reproduced by the Medici Society and is now on sale to the public. It is done in their largest size (almost the size of the original oil painting) and makes a very fine print. Further details of this are printed elsewhere in this issue.

Markova was dancing in Boston, U.S.A., on the 10th Anniversary of Pavlova's death and Sol Hurok, the American impresario, felt that he would like to do something in honour of her memory. He suggested *Le Cygne* but Markova did not feel she could dance this solo, which had always been Pavlova's own. However, Hurok asked Fokine to arrange it specially for Markova and it is this version which audiences see to-day.

Madame Markova will be dancing as guest artist with London's Festival Ballet during their Easter season at Monte Carlo.

Asian Musicians and Dancers

Tagore Centenary Celebrations (May 6th)

Recently a Tagore Centenary Celebrations Committee has been set up in London with the British Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, as Patron and H.E. Mrs. Pandit as President. The large committee includes Mr. Menuhin, International President and the Countess of Harewood, Vice-President. This committee will bring over from India a group of about twenty artistes, possibly the well-known Uday Shankar company; who has recently produced two new ballets based on Tagore's poems. Such a group will be performing for a fortnight in London and another week in the provinces, and will be available for any other organisation desirous of separate performances.

In addition to this, the Asian Music Circle, through its Tagore Section, can offer services of their resident artistes, both for performances of Tagore's music and dance-drama and for lecture-recitals. Also available are documentary films and small exhibitions of prints and photographs. Poetry recitals can be arranged with the combined Bengali and English versions, followed by recorded music or live songs composed by Tagore.

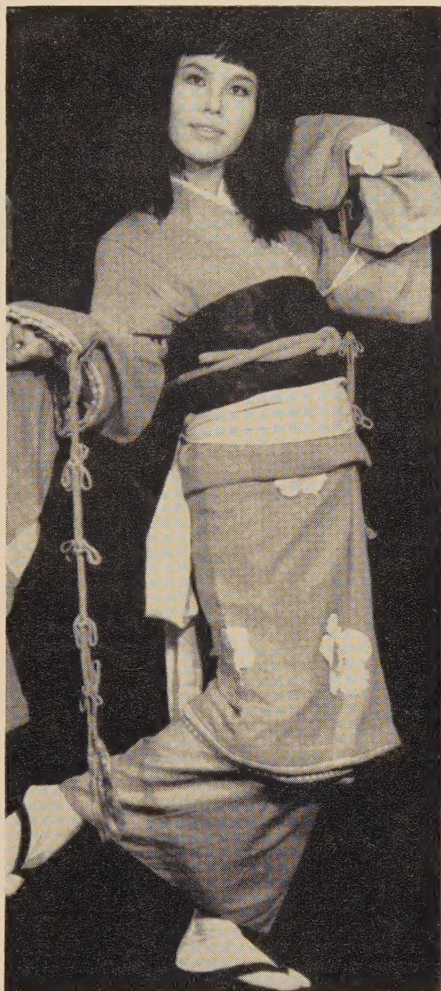
A group of musicians and dancers of India and Ceylon, normally resident in Britain, are available for solo as well as group dancing.

Further details can be obtained from the Founder and Director, Ayana Deva Angadi, 18, Fitzalan Road, London, N.3.

LONDON REVIEWS

by FERNAU HALL

Tokyo 1961



"A sloe-eyed charmer in a kimono"

One of the most striking aspects of the show was the fabulous charm and prettiness of the girls.

TOKYO 1961 (which opened at the Coliseum on 28th January) is surely one of the oddest shows ever to reach London. Odd, that is, to English people: to Japanese it is something normal and familiar. Here, in fact, we find in one show very accurate imitations of theatrical genres which in the West are far apart: pop songs, musical comedy dancing, exotic revue numbers (Japanese, Hawaiian, South American, etc.), pure ballet, satire on ballet, a sword fight, jazz dancing, Folies Bergères spectacle, juggling, high-kicking Rockettes, tap dancing, a Cinerama type of film combined with "live" artists, and so on. Moreover, as is normal in Japan, the imitations are staggeringly good. Where they fail it is usually because of something beyond human control—such as the short thighs of the girls. (This is of no importance in most items, but it does affect the success of pure ballet and of high kicks.) The imitations have a special charm for Western audiences because they often have a specifically Japanese flavour—e.g. when an American-type pop number is sung in both American and Japanese by a sloe-eyed charmer in a kimono; or when two "Americans" visiting Okinawa are quite obviously just as Japanese as the "Okinawans".

It is not unusual for Japanese to start by imitating something Western and then improve on it: this has happened with films and cameras, and it is certainly true of *Back Street in Tokyo* (*Swan Lake*)—a gorgeously funny mixture of *Swan Lake* and *West-Side Story* which in effect is a satire on both. This is easily the finest thing in the show—something so good as to encourage a second visit. The Tchaikovsky music is transformed into jazz—with admirable skill and understanding—and it is fascinating to hear the ghost of the Swan-Queen's tragic music floating behind the blues as an accompaniment for movements in the familiar style of recent American musicals, performed by dancers in appropriate American costumes. As for the cygnets, the choreographer (Naoto Saki) had the good sense to realize that this number needs very little modification: solemnly performed by doll-like Japanese girls in red tights reaching only to the knee,

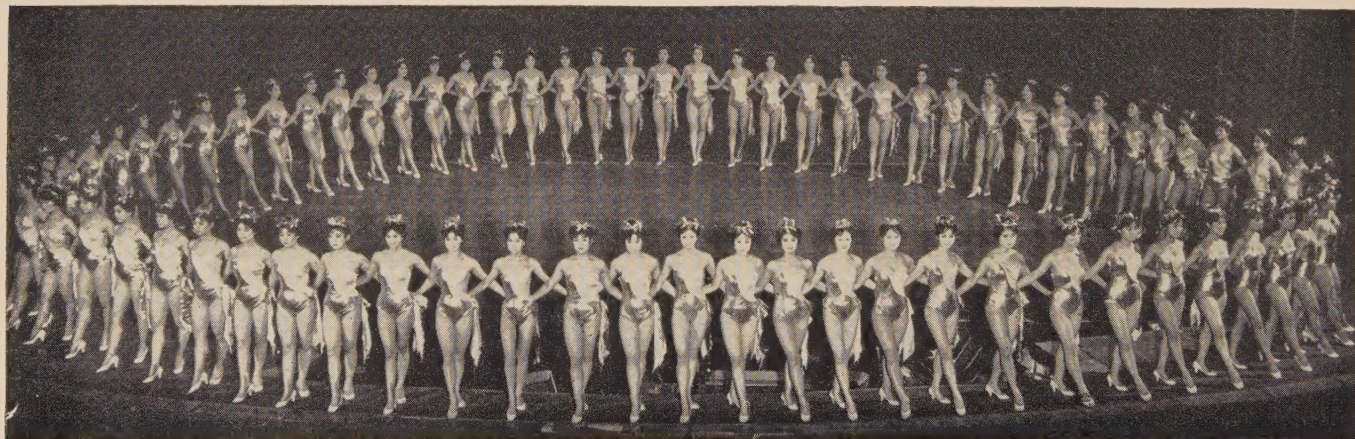
and keeping quite close to the original, it is so funny that I fear some of this humour will transfer itself to the real thing the next time I see *Swan Lake*.

One of the most striking aspects of the show is the fabulous charm and prettiness of the girls. Clearly to get into the company at all a girl has to reach the very highest standard in these respects—and the impact of something like 40 charmers of this quality is bewildering.

But the producer of the show (Kousuke Ito) has made a mistake in including a "straight" ballet number—the *Don Quixote* pas de deux, with something approximating to the Maryinsky choreography. The choreographer (Naoto Saki) has done his best to conceal the deficiencies of his artists by dividing up the steps among several soloists, and adding a good deal of corps de ballet accompaniment—but the deficiencies are so blatant that this is impossible. The pirouettes, in particular, are very amateurish.

Another mistake is the inclusion of jazzed-up versions of all the traditional Japanese items, such as *Ancient Tokyo*, *Cherry Blossoms* and *Otemoyan*. Classical Japanese dance companies such as the Gojo company and the Azuma Kabuki have shown how delightful these items can be to Western audiences performed authentically, with the right music on Japanese instruments. Japanese audiences get a kick out of seeing them in "modernized" versions, but for Western audiences the shoe is on the other foot; here, the more Japanese the better. What is infuriating is that the dancers have obviously been trained in Japanese dancing, and could do the real thing quite well; moreover their costumes, wigs, head-dresses and props are traditional.

After *Back Street in Tokyo* the best item is *Funky*, in which the boys and girls show admirable spirit and rhythmic precision in jazz-dancing in the Jerome Robbins manner. (For this item the producer had the good sense to engage an American choreographer—Shunmy Talmizano.) Two non-dancing items are also very effective: juggling by the Kagami family, and a mad wide-screen car ride through the Japanese countryside at an impossibly high speed.



Les Deux Pigeons

Les Deux Pigeons

RIGHT up to the end of the ballet I was baffled by some aspects of Ashton's production of *Les Deux Pigeons*. Somehow it did not quite make sense. There was nothing surprising in Ashton's deciding to do a new version of a 19th century ballet: we should think it very odd if a contemporary composer devoted himself to writing music in 19th century style to 19th century libretti, but this sort of time-travelling seems to suit Ashton very well: he is indeed far more at home in Victorian times than in our own. On the other hand, it was hard to see why he should pick such a very conventional and artificial subject as *Les Deux Pigeons*, from a period when ballet had lost almost all aspiration to be considered an art. And it was equally hard to see why he should add to the conventional Victorian romanticism of the gypsies of the original ballet the equally conventional Victorian romanticism of the Bohemian painter in his Parisian studio with his p'tite amie.

Then again, why have real pigeons flying about the stage? Even when on their best behaviour they are bound to distract from the dancing—and at the second performance (16th February) one pigeon got so carried away that it tried to join in the big pas de deux in the last scene, making such a disturbance that it was very hard to attend to the choreography.

A minor puzzle, but a real one, was the shape of the chair in the artist's attic studio. This had a round hollow back, decorated with a lace-like wickerwork: this chair gave no support for the back, and was unimaginable even as an example of Victorian taste at its most peculiar.

But this same chair provided the clue to explain everything at the end of the ballet—when the painter pushed his p'tite amie through the hole, and then they posed prettily behind it, like lovers on a Valentine. That was it! The first night of the ballet was on the 14th February—St. Valentine's day—and Ashton devised the whole thing as Valentine: from him to us. Lovers, lacework, doves: it all fitted.

This was quite a promising idea. Valentines today retain a Victorian sentimentality which is fabulously out of key with our world of H-bomb threats and Lady Chatterley trials: one can well imagine Diaghilev staging a witty one-act satire on the whole business, with choreography by Nijinska or Balanchine, decor by Larionov or Goncharova, and "period" music by Poulenc or Prokofiev. Alternatively, Ashton might have staged as close a reproduction as possible of the original *Méranthe* ballet, complete with what could be discovered of the original choreography, the original action (closely allied to the original "palm-court" Messenger music), the ballerina combining two contrasting roles (that of the Greek maiden Gourouli and the fake gypsy girl, in a strange anti-patination of Odette-Odile), and above all the hero Pepio played *en travesti* by a woman, as was the custom of the day in Paris. Such a piece of Victoriana would have had the same sort of charm as the reproduction of Victorian ballads by the Players' Theatre and "straight" productions of *East Lynne*; at the same time it would have given us a fascinating view of a very odd period of ballet history.

Unfortunately Ashton suffered from mixed motives when he got to work on the Messenger score, evidently seeking to some extent to make a ballet comparable to other ballets in the repertoire—presumably in the desire to justify the considerable expense of a two-act ballet, and to produce something that would continue to have meaning after St. Valentine's day had passed. The result is that he has produced an unhappy compromise. The revised story is incredible in a non-Victorian way; by moving the action of Act I from Greece to a Paris studio, he has made the irruption of the gypsy troupe into this act very incongruous, and he leaves the old woman and the crowd of corps de ballet girls of Act I quite unexplained. But this is a small matter—what is a little incongruity in a mid-Victorian Valentine? What is much more serious is that the period atmosphere is very shaky. Neither Christopher Gable (the painter) nor Lynn Seymour (his p'tite amie) show much feeling for the period in their mime or dancing, and the choreography gives them little help in this respect.

On the other hand they are both dancers with considerable youthful charm, and Ashton gives them opportunities in a big set-piece of a pas de deux in the last scene, in his familiar style, with the inevitable passage where the girl is made to seem to walk on air. (A new Ashton pas de deux without such a passage would seem as odd as a Western without a gun-fight.) Another set-piece which comes off well enough is the pizzicato variation of the gypsy girl in the gypsy encampment: this was the show-stopping number in the original production (danced by Rosita Mauri as the fake gypsy) and Elizabeth Anderton shows a clean pair of feet in the present one, springing with fire and precision and looking reasonably dashing. In Act I she and Lynn Seymour have an effective competition dance, in which the gypsy girl shows conventional shoulder-shaking gypsy bravura and the Parisian girl seeks to outdo her, adapting for the purpose some of her own "pigeon" movements and also imitating the gypsy. In the gypsy encampment scene there is a large-scale ballabile bringing together all the gypsies—using the sort of ballet steps which 19th century choreographers imagined to be suitable for gypsies—which builds up effectively because Ashton has for once taken care to fit the rhythm of the steps (and the pattern of entrances into movement of the dancers) to the rhythm and the pattern of phrasing and orchestration of the music. Here the choreography is the exact equivalent of Messenger's music, with its very conventional attempt at zigeunery.

It is disappointing, however, that Johaar Mosavaal—now flowering as a remarkable performer of character and demi-caractère roles—has such feeble enchainements to perform in this act, in the role of a gypsy boy.

The crux of the ballet is the "pigeon" imitations in Act I. Here the original story was at its most naïve and sentimental, and the allegory of the two pigeons of the la Fontaine fable was plugged for all it is worth. Ashton shows that he is well aware of what is required of him, and there is real ingenuity and naïveté in some of his adaptation of bird movement to classical steps. But he is caught in his compromise between real

Victoriana (at its most inane) and something acceptable at its face value to a Covent Garden audience of today, and so the result lacks the humour and charm he was able to achieve in (for example) the satire of the twenties in *Façade* or the Victorian skating episodes of *Les Patineurs*.

The decor and costumes, by Jacques Dupont, are workmanlike and unremarkable, showing some study of the theatrical styles of the period. But it is hard to see why he makes a construction of wooden beams part of both settings: this is false to the period, and quite pointless.

DOREEN WELLS IN SWAN LAKE

ON 13th February Doreen Wells made what one might call her "official" debut as Odette-Odile at Covent Garden. It was by no means her first performance of the double role: she had in fact danced it at Covent Garden a week or two earlier, and before that at Brighton. But the 13th was her Press night, and the house was packed—possibly because of reports circulating through the grapevine of her achievements in the earlier performances. (In fact one of the most endearing things about the London ballet audience is the way it is prepared to get worked up about important first performances by rising young artists: this gives the artists invaluable moral support at critical moments in their careers.)

In Act II Doreen Wells' dancing was slightly disappointing, as compared with that of other leading young artists of similar experience and her own achievements as Swanilda. She danced with precision, neatness, and correct style, looking very assured and quite at home in the role; but the feelings and character of the magical, tragical Odette did not project very strongly beyond the proscenium arch. No doubt she was put off to some extent by a change of partner (Desmond Doyle replacing Christopher Gable) which was clearly a last-minute affair, for it was indicated by a slip in the programme. Lack of co-ordination between the principals was obvious in the series of lifts in big pas de deux in which the danseuse lifts alternate legs in a *développé* into second: each time she came down her body rocked forward. Also there were times when she failed to pull herself up out of her hips.

She improved greatly in Act III, making Odile look a very different person from Odette: she was crisp, arrogant and very positive, making good contact with the audience. Her smile was particularly effective (seductive, but ever so slightly ominous) and in some characteristically "Bolshoi" positions (such as a position of the two hands well back over the head) she achieved an effect of bravura that was highly appropriate to the role: here one could see that she had profited from her lessons with Maria Fay. Only at one point did she fall short of a high standard of style and technique: this was in the 32 *fouettés*, in which she failed to point her working foot.

She was able to carry forward into Act IV some of the projection of Act III, and this encourages one to think that as time goes on she will be able to add a good deal to her interpretation of Odette.

Continued at foot of next page

KING KONG

THE ALL AFRICAN JAZZ MUSICAL

AS the first major theatrical creation to come out of Negro South Africa, *King Kong* is of outstanding importance. Here live millions of people of tremendous vitality, engaged in forging a new urban culture out of a variety of old pastoral folk traditions (closer to the Greece of Homer than to our Western world) and the urban culture of the West, with its machinery, its tensions, its gangsters and its jazz music (itself the result of interaction between African and American white culture).

In fact it is vitality and joie de vivre which emerge as the most striking characteristics of these people as reflected in *King Kong*: however appalling their circumstances, and however restricted their lives as they shuttle between mine, city and sordid township, they never lose these qualities. Tribal traditions may become lost or confused in the mixture of clans and languages in the townships, but new forms emerge which have just as much vitality as the old forms—perhaps even more; and this is above all true of the dances which are the high points of the show.

Gum Boot Dance is the most exciting of all the numbers. As the admirable programme note tells us, this was originally a Zulu tribal dance. It became a favourite with the dock labourers of Durban (where it was considerably developed and adapted to gum boots), and finally perfected in the townships of the Rand among miners and labourers. The dance falls into distinct sections like the Sevillanas of Andalusia or the classical Kathak dance of India; but with its masculine

virility and wonderful crisp rhythms (combining slaps on the gum boots and blows by the feet on the ground, reinforced by bells on the gum boots of the leader) it is nearest to the Sop dances of Yugoslavia. What is particularly fascinating is the way the teams of dancers specialising in this dance put various kinds of satirical punch into the different sections—and the King Kong team are masters at this. In fact they do full justice to the choreography of their trainer, Ernest Nkosi of City Deep mine compound.

Another very successful item is the Kweia and Patha Patha dances performed in the shebeen (illegal township drinking place) by almost the entire company. In these dances—which musically show some affinity with the High Life dances of Ghana—the artists perform in couples, doing improvised movements that become more and more abandoned, with knees bending lower and lower as the dance goes on; the men patting the bodies of the women, and the women weaving their hips from side to side, with a frank and wonderfully innocent eroticism that is characteristically African.

In nearly all the dances the singing and shouting of the dancers provide a loud, spontaneous accompaniment which is perfectly attuned to the steps, and mercifully drowns the orchestra (which keeps strictly to Tin Pan Alley patterns). But there are two items in which the music and noise produced on stage are particularly effective. One is *Road Gang Song*, in which the men sing a chant, “Tshotsholosa,” actually taken from a gang of labourers working in the street:

here the tremendous full-throated choral singing had a resonance and a slow rhythmic power that would make even Verdi envious; and the slow rhythmic movements of the labourers—working with pick-axes, shovels, etc.—are timed to the rhythms and phrasing of the singing with a simple perfection only possible in a work-song. (The affinity with the work-songs of the Negro chain-gangs of Southern America is very clear.) No less impressive as a combination of movement, singing and shouting is the ceremony by which King Kong is welcomed back to the township after coming out of jail: the dancers move in a strange, slow, ritual procession, circling around their hero as their ancestors circled around a heroic chief, and the atmosphere of mysterious exaltation is strengthened by the high-pitched ululations of some of the women—almost identical with the ululations produced in comparable circumstances by Berber women thousands of miles away in North Africa.

The gangsters’ dance is impressive in a very different way. Here the emphasis is on a sinister quiet and a ferocious, cruel, sardonic humour: the sleek gangsters circle their victim lying on the ground, stabbing at him with knives and broken bottles as their ancestors stabbed with spears and knobkerries in a Sotho war-dance.

In all these wonderful group dance numbers the creative powers of the South African Negroes are fully apparent—above all in the way they adapt tribal ceremonies to city conditions. But it is obvious that some of the dancers have the talent to shine as solo

Continued on next page

ROYAL BALLET SEASON—Continued from page 9

Act I was distinguished by some remarkable performances by male dancers. In the pas de trois Robert Mead emerged as a danseur noble of outstanding talent: he has a fine presence, a strikingly handsome face, a supple body and a wonderfully fluid way of moving. Such a combination of qualities is very rare, and it is easy to predict that this young man will go far. At present he is trying too hard: his open mouth (reflecting strain) spoils his expression, and he dances in too frontal a manner, without the refinements of *épaulement*. But these are small defects which he should be able to set right without much trouble: the basis is excellent.

The boys in the pas de trois stood out in a regrettably different manner. One of them was so off-centre in his double tours that he seemed in grave danger of breaking a leg. . . . No doubt influenza casualties made it necessary to put him on in a role far beyond his ability.

ONDINE

Whenever the first company returns to Covent Garden from an American tour, it always meets a challenge: critics and the public are on the look-out for any signs of raggedness or tiredness that one might expect to result from the long months of touring under difficult conditions. On 2nd March, performing *Ondine*, the company responded in a spirited way to this challenge, putting its best foot forward in a ballet which unfortunately offers few opportunities to anyone but the ballerina

in the title role. Even in the Grand Pas Classique and the Divertissement, where one would expect some brilliant solos, the choreographic texture remains drab; however, it was moving to see a line-up (in the Divertissement) of three such glorious artists as Maryon Lane, Merle Park and Antoinette Sibley. For lack of female soloists of this quality the second company—though in possession of the highly talented male soloists Johaar Mosaval, Christopher Gable and Robert Mead—has never sparkled quite as it should have done in recent months at the Garden.

Margot Fonteyn was in great form, dancing the title role with even more delicacy and poetry than ever: clearly she revelled in the sinuous hand movements which enabled her to suggest the watery, immaterial nature of the Ondine. She has now given fresh strength and clarity to her acting of the change of mood in Ondine when she first meets Palemon: supported by him in an arabesque, she shrinks away in mistrust and fear of the unknown—for he is a land creature; but she is attracted by the amulet around his neck, and cannot resist reaching out to touch it. Margot Fonteyn used this moment with great artistry to establish a certain childlike quality which is as characteristic of an Ondine as it is of other romantic, supernatural heroines of the 19th century. What a marvellous thing one might expect Margot Fonteyn to make of the title role in Bournonville’s version of *La Sylphide*!

Certain basic defects of construction of the

ballet stood out even more clearly than before—notably the quite pointless ending of Act I, Scene 2, in which Berta is chivvied by Wood Sprites, saved by the Hermit, and then chivvied once again. The whole of this could well be cut—for she turns up (none the worse) in Act II.

London Reviews Held Over until Next Month

The remainder of the Royal Ballet Season.

Luisillo’s London Season.

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dancers, for occasionally one can see individuals moving with the sinuous grace and spontaneity of panthers. Unfortunately the director Leon Gluckman and the choreographer Arnold Dover have missed a major opportunity here: though Ruth Nkonyeni, Thandi Klaasen and Rose Hlela are listed as specialty dancers, they never get the chance to spread their wings in solos of any length.

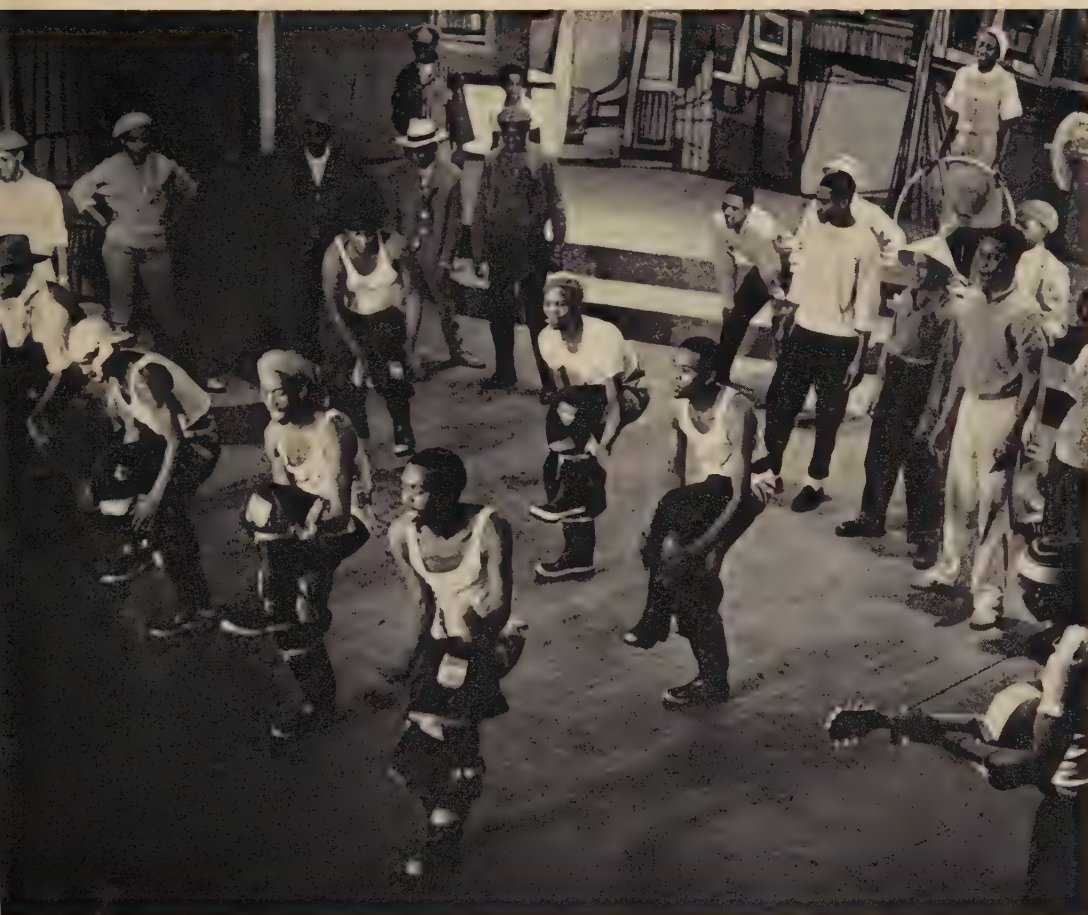
The actual story into which the magnificent dance numbers are threaded is not told very well, and far too many of the songs (with music by Todd Matschikiza) belong to the superficial sentimental world of "pop" rather than the tough, unsentimental, deeply emotional world of true jazz. If Todd Matschikiza were to retort that in its "pop" tendencies *King Kong* is no different from other highly praised and highly successful musicals such as *West Side Story*, he would be quite right: the fact is that the fine things in *King Kong*—like the fine things in *West Side Story*—are so excellent that one feels justified in looking for a work which is artistically consistent throughout. Certainly the artists in both shows are capable of doing justice to the best that composers and choreographers can ask of them; and it is noticeable that the audiences respond above all to the splendid dance numbers.

Arthur Goldreich has designed a fine township set—gay and colourful, with the various levels of the rostrums providing the director with good opportunities for group movements. The trouble is that this permanent setting does not lend itself to modifications suggesting other settings, such as the shebeen: a little rethinking here is desirable.



Above:

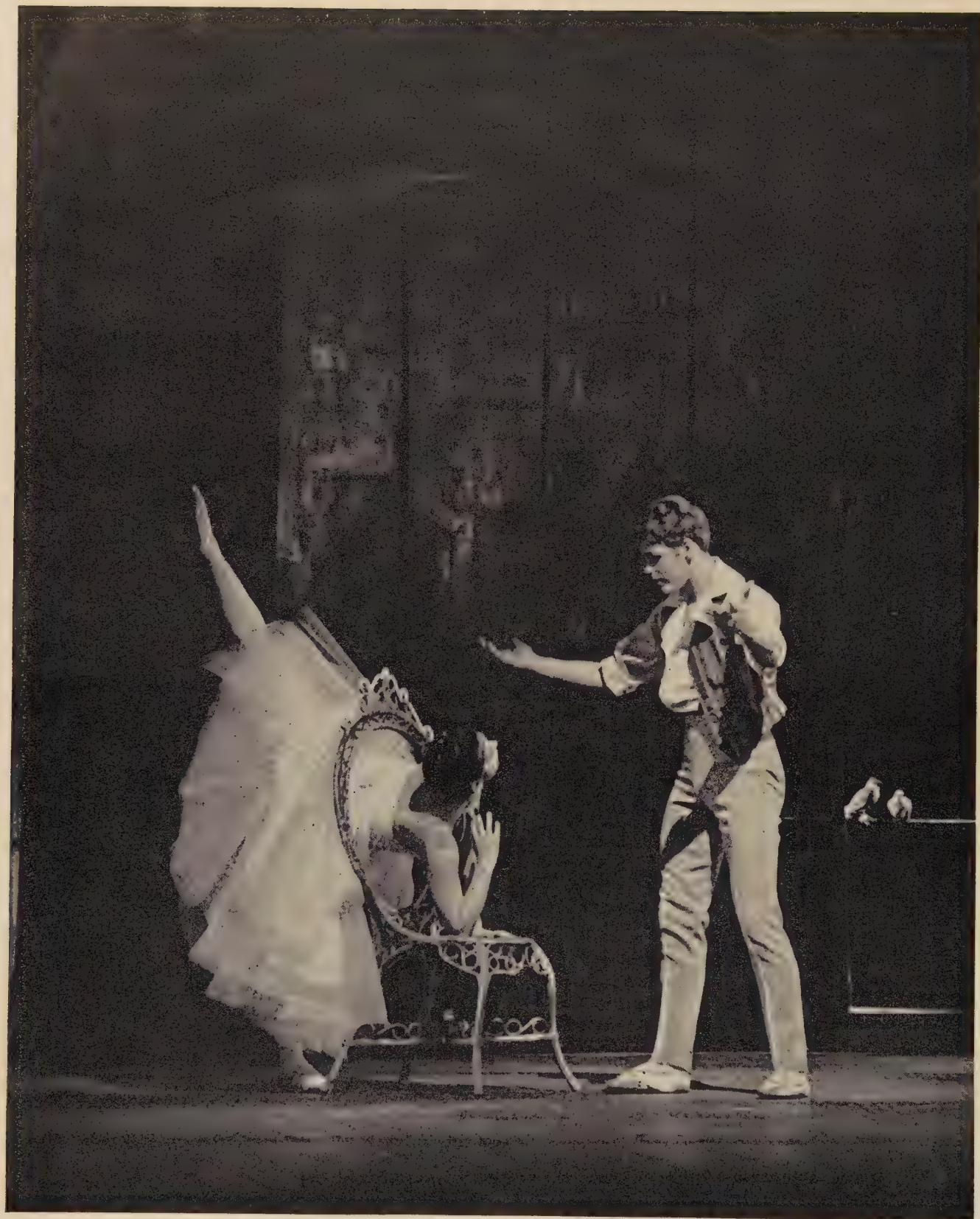
Dancing the Kwela in the shebeen (township night club). Leading lady Peggy Phango in the centre.



Left:

The Gumboot dance, originally a Zulu tribal dance which became a favourite among dock labourers, and is performed in Sunday celebrations in the township.

Photos: Houston Rogers.



LES DEUX PIGEONS

ACT 1 A STUDIO IN PARIS

The young artist, trying to paint a portrait of his beloved, gives up in despair. She is bored and does everything except sit still.
Photo: Houston Rogers

Trying to restore Pepio's good humour, Gourouli imitates the movements of the two doves who live on their balcony and he joins her for the "pigeon dance". But he in turn has now become restless. Wandering over to the balcony they see a passing band of gypsies whom they invite into the studio to dance. Pepio is attracted to a beautiful gypsy girl, and despite the entreaties of Gourouli he follows the gypsies as they depart.



LES DEUX PIGEONS

Gourouli is left alone in the studio
Photo: Dominic

An Allegory in Two Acts and Three Scenes
 based on the Fable by La Fontaine
 by Henry Régnier and Louis Mérante
 Music by André Messager
 Choreography by Frederick Ashton
 Scenery and costumes by Jacques Dupont

The leading roles were taken by

Lynn Seymour ..	..	..	..	..	..	Gourouli
Christopher Gable	..	..	..	..	..	Pepio
Elizabeth Anderton	..	..	..	..	..	The Gypsy Girl
Robert Mead ..	..	..	..	..	..	Her Lover

There were two Pigeons on a tree,
 Who loved each other tenderly.
 One, in his folly, tired of home,
 Resolved in distant lands to roam.
 'Alas, what ails you?' said the other.
 'You would not leave me, gentle brother?
 Sure, parting is the depth of woe,
 Although to you, unkind! it seems not so.
 At least bethink you of the risks and cares
 That are the lot of travellers.'

 . . . 'Don't cry,' said he.
 'Three days at most will give my whim its run,
 And then I shall be back to tell
 All my adventures one by one:
 'Twill cheer you up, and be the greatest fun.'

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE WAS GIVEN BY THE ROYAL BALLET AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE LONDON ON THE 14th FEBRUARY IN THE PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARGARET.

ACT II SCENE 1

A Gypsy Encampment near Paris



With dragging wing and sagging
Cursing his curiosity, [our friend]
Crawled homeward by the night
And after his eventful day
Sans further peril reached the
Our friends once more together
The joys which paid them for

Extracts from the Fables of Jean de la Fontaine translated by permission of the Publishers, M. J. G. P.

Left:

The gypsy girl dances with her lover to incite Pepio.

Photo: Houston Rogers





Left: Inflamed with jealousy the men fight over the girl. The band of gypsies then turn on Pepio and throw him out of the encampment.

Photo: Houston Rogers

ACT II SCENE 2

Pepio and Gourouli are re-united.

Photo: Houston Rogers



may guess
distress.

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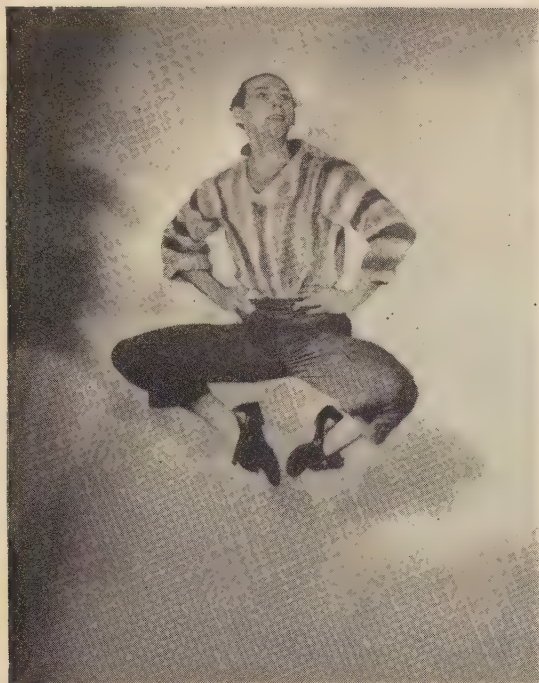
Left:

A sadder, but wiser,
Pepio sees one of his
doves and decides to
return to the studio.

Photo: Dominic

choreographers

of today



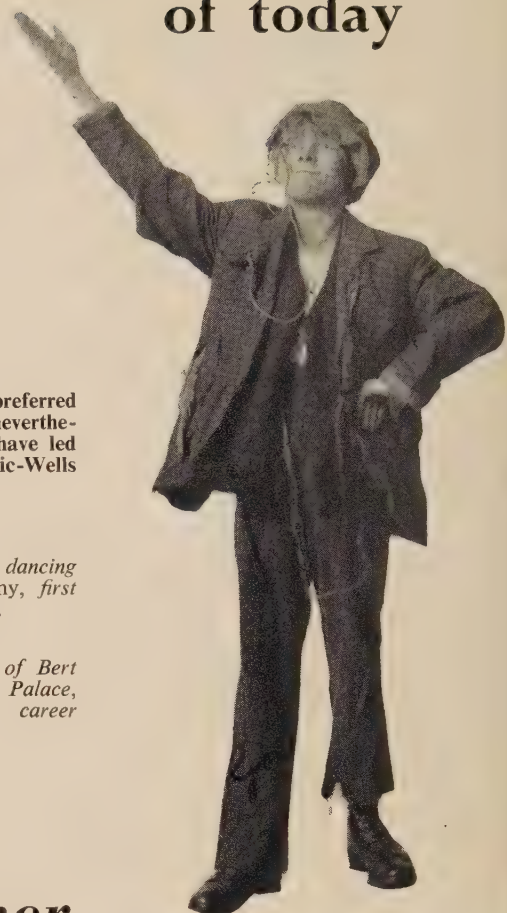
WALTER GORE

dancer

Although Walter Gore would have preferred to be an actor rather than a dancer, nevertheless he is the only male dancer to have led both major British Companies—The Vic-Wells and Ballet Rambert.

Left: a very early photograph of him dancing in his own ballet Simple Symphony, first produced for Ballet Rambert in 1944.

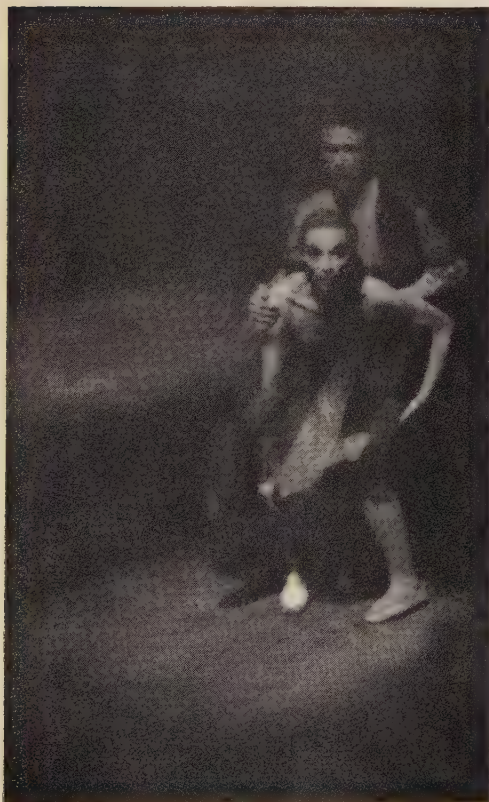
Right: as he appeared in the role of Bert "Windmill Man" at the Victoria Palace, London, at the beginning of his career (Christmas 1924/5).



Gore's last appearance as a dancer, in his ballet *De Eenzame* (The Lonely One), at the Opera House, Amsterdam.

Seen here with his wife Paula Hinton, who danced the leading role.

Photo: Maria Austria.



choreographer

Whether it be Amsterdam, Oslo or—as in this picture—Zagreb, the scene is the same. Gore the choreographer enthusiastically discussing a new ballet in rehearsal.

Left to right: Bezjak (dancer), Walter Gore; back row: Sumacek, rehearsal pianist; seated at piano, Sajnovica the conductor.





WALTER GORE

text by LEO KERSLEY

NOW that the day of the touring theatrical family seems to be over, there cannot be many stage personalities who can boast at the age of fifty that they have spent fifty years on the stage; and when in addition the person concerned has created fifty ballets we all know that the answer can only add up to Walter Gore. Indeed, if one did not understand how completely the ten symbols which go to make up the name can be equated with the ten which spell out the word "theatrical"—noun or adjective—one would quite often be at a loss with Walter—a brilliant dancer who hated dancing: an off-stage character who can alternate between the ultimately charming as conversationalist and utter taciturnity; and the choreographer who can produce with equal facility the whimsical delight of *Street Games* and the strong meat of *The Night and Silence*.

Walter's family, like that of his wife Paula Hinton, was a theatrical one. Today this means an efficient nanny and prolonged separations while father or mother or both are away touring, but when Walter was a baby it meant making his début in his mother's arms. Walter intended to be an actor and acted as a boy, but contact with Massine and Rambert resulted in his appearing in the first Ballet Club season at the Lyric, Hammersmith in 1930, and he played an important dancing part in the formative period of English ballet, working with Tudor

and Ashton, creating the role of the Rake and only making his début as choreographer in 1938 (*Valse Finale*). This is surprising when one thinks of Walter's story of walking home with Ashton, as he often did, in 1925 from Coward's Cochran Revue "On with the Dance", and suddenly saying "Fred, I want to do choreography! I want to make a ballet!" Ashton (very interested): "Oh, Walter, do you? What music?" Gore: "Roger Quilter." Ashton: "Oh, NO!" (Incidentally, it is amusing in this connection to consider that Gore's last three composers have been Martin, Britten and Barber, while Ashton seems happy today with Messager.)

After his first two ballets, *Valse Finale* and *Paris-Soir* (1939), Gore, inspired by the unique talents of Sally Gilmour, produced what would today be hailed with shouts of critical astonishment as an "experimental" work: *Confessional*. This work, danced to a mingled accompaniment of spoken poetry and the music of Sibelius, carried the authentic Inquisitional atmosphere of dread and was in its way perhaps the most successful of what can only be described as Gore's "cruel" ballets until *The Night and Silence* (1957). Gore completed six ballets before naval war service intervened and, though he does not talk about it, is proud to have served under the White Ensign. His next work, *Simple Symphony*, was an instant-

aneous success and even managed to delight the composer, who has never cared for ballet very much, and the following, *Mr. Punch*, was perhaps the most successful knockabout farce ever put on the ballet stage. Other works for Ballet Rambert followed, including *Antonia* and *Winter Night* which marked his first choreography for the dancer most associated with his work and later to become his wife, Paula Hinton. Shortly afterwards he left Ballet Rambert and since then his life has been a nomadic one, working for the New-Ballet, the Ballets des Champs-Élysées, his own company, making one of his most successful light works *Carte Blanche* for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet (1953); in Australia, Germany (Frankfurt), Holland, Norway and Yugoslavia; and for the short-lived Edinburgh Ballet creating *The Night and Silence*, this company's sole justification, though unfortunately the ballet itself is not in performance anywhere at the present time. Gore has also made several opera ballets—the most difficult form of all, as he himself will tell you.

As a dancer Walter was without peer in his own line. Gifted with a tremendous feeling for music and rhythm, he could put over a role with a wry, satirical punch that few save Massine could equal. He was also, as most of the older members of the audience will remember, a first-rate Albrecht. However, since he never enjoyed dancing it

SIMPLE SYMPHONY

BALLET RAMBERT AT THEATRE ROYAL, BRISTOL

Photo: Terence Le Goubin



THE FOUR TEMPERAMENTS
STÄDT BUHNEN BALLET, FRANKFURT
Photo: Gunter Englert



HOOPS
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IN OSLO FOR
THE
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BALLET
Photo: Dagbladet

is perhaps more appropriate to set aside his career as a dancer and consider him primarily as choreographer. This is not altogether easy to do since so much of his work has been abroad of recent years; however, it appears to fall into two main categories, that of the gay, inconsequential trifle (*Simple Symphony*, *Hoops*, *Street Games*, *Peep Show*, *Light Fantastic*, *Carte Blanche*), and that of the strongly dramatic—even sometimes sadistic—story-ballet (*Confessional*, *Winter Night*, *Antonia*, *La Damnée*, *De Eenzame*, *Pavane for a Dead Lover*, *The Night and Silence*, *Schemering*). His ballets in the first category are always full of whimsical touches, entertaining observations on human nature, little quirks of characteristic movement and rhythmic subtlety. They are also, unfortunately, nearly always a few minutes too long. If Gore had been able ruthlessly to apply the pruning shears to nearly all his ballets, he might have been the greatest English choreographer of today, but in this respect he resembles Tyrone Guthrie: always bursting with good ideas, he does not know which of them to throw away and as a result the eye becomes exhausted. This is less noticeable in his dramatic works, since the story is nearly always so powerful that the attention is held, but even here it is sometimes only excess length which prevents these ballets from being in a class of their own, or creating a standard of their own. Of those which I have seen the most successful, in my view, are *Confessional*, *Pavane for a Dead Lover* (Holland, 1957) and *Night and Silence*. The last-named ballet is, in fact, his masterpiece and in it he and Paula Hinton (without a great deal of help from her partner) succeeded in producing one of those unforgettable occasions of which ballet should be full but, alas, is not. *The Night and Silence* is one of those ballets which are "right" from beginning to end—and this despite the fact that Gore altered the ending from his original version. Theme, music, decor, choreography and dancer are one, and the conclusion—a gentle one in comparison with that of his other dramatic works—unites for the first time the two sides of Gore's choreographic nature to make this ballet completely satisfying.

Let it not be thought, however, that Walter Gore's scope only reaches to the ballet of character, whether gay or gloomy. He has also produced (for Ballet der Lage Landen, 1957) what must be the most satisfying production of *The Nutcracker* outside Soviet Russia. With characteristic ingenuity, he played the ballet straight through without an interval: developed the characters of Clara and the Nutcracker to provide the

unifying element so sadly missed in conventional productions of this usually boring work; eliminated those tiresome mice altogether; and, with the help of a Nutcracker of remarkable stamina and a Clara surely the most delightful ever to take the role, turned what can all too frequently be a ballet to be endured into one to be enjoyed throughout. His opera-ballet in "Faust" (Amsterdam Ballet) won good reviews from that most prejudiced and opinionated body of criticism in the world, the Dutch ballet critics; and one at least of his "abstract" works, *Suite for Two Dancers* (Ballet der Lage Landen), was packed with lyrical invention on the level of Ashton or Balanchine.

What is Walter going to do next? Of all his sojourns abroad, his time in Yugoslavia was the most happy, despite the near-penury of the company with which he was working: perhaps his early training in the penniless early days of British ballet, when necessity, not subsidy, was the mother of invention influences him today? It seems yet another black mark against the powers-that-be that so much of his mature work has never been seen in England, that *The Night and Silence* is not part of our permanent repertoire and that he himself should be on permanent export. It seems unbelievable that Englishmen such as Gore, Tudor and others too numerous to mention should find no place in our national repertory. Would any art expert greet a National Gallery in which the only painters displayed were Hogarth, Gainsborough and Turner with anything but a grimace of incredulity? And if we are so wedded to the 19th century classics that we want nothing else, why can't we see Gore's *Nutcracker* at Covent Garden?

Walter Gore's own story of his Australian tour was published in our October and November issues 1956.

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NEW BOOKS

"Balletskolan" (The Ballet School). By Birgit Cullberg and Lilian Karina Vásárhelyi. Photographs Anna Riwkin-Brick. I.C.A. Publishers. 11.75 Swedish crowns (16s. 3d. English).

The Ballet School is an attempt to fill what is felt to be a gap in Swedish technical ballet literature. It is on the whole a well-written book, beautifully printed and containing very good photographs by Anna Riwkin-Brick. The author Lilian Karina has chosen to describe only barre-work, a few exercises in the centre, arm positions and some pointe-work. Thus this book is more an introduction for those interested than a text book.

One can almost call it a picture-book with text describing the Vaganova method. The senior dancers from the Royal Swedish Ballet are the main models used to illustrate various positions from ballets such as *Swan Lake*, *The Dying Swan*, *The Moon Reindeer*, *Giselle*, *Medea*, etc. In some cases, however, children are used as models, and the result is then less happy. For example, when demonstrating back bends they overarch their backs, thus pushing forward their hips and bending their knees while the weight of the body falls forward on to the instep, causing the foot to "roll." One feels that a book of this kind should always contain a warning to the layman that a teacher is essential and that it is not possible to learn to dance from a book alone.

Birgit Cullberg was approached by the publisher to write this book but commendably she felt it was the task for a technician. She has, however, contributed two articles, one titled "Why We do Ballet," and the second "The Choreographer's Work" in which she gives a description of how she sets about writing a ballet.

The book closes with a list of some French ballet terms and their Swedish equivalents. MARINA GRUT

Turned Out Proud, by Helen M. Slade. Foreword by Celia S. Sparger, M.C.S.P., C.C.P.E. (Maclaren Publications. 10s. 6d.)

Not every dancer can be a ballerina as the author of this book discovered early in her career, but she found a great deal of satisfaction in taking a small place in the sun. This story, a true one, could be that of any dancer not permanently attached to one of the big companies, the heartaches and disappointments are only too familiar. Nevertheless, the writer has no time for self-pity. Her struggle to keep body and soul together between engagements, and her once-and-for-all effort to form her own small company make lighthearted reading. If at times she asks herself "Why not settle down to a regular job?" don't ponder this question too seriously. It is a frame of mind which only lasts in any dancer until the next opportunity to dance comes along.

The many amusing illustrations scattered throughout the book are by Frances Crossley. ESTELLE HERF

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RECORD GUIDE

The Sleeping Beauty

One was so thrilled to have the complete score of this great ballet four years ago (*Ballet Today*, March, 1957) that one did not complain of its bright and harsh brassy recording. Anything that was complete, was to be cherished. Now I am grateful to say that EMI has brought it back to us, Mercury MMA11113-5 (mono only), and their re-cutting has produced first class quality. And it does not end there—it is now on three discs instead of four! Dorati's exhilarating performance will commend itself to everyone.

Assembly Ball

This ballet was one of Andrée Howard's gems, particularly when Beriosova, Blair and Holden danced the leads. Her choice of music, Bizet's *Symphony in C*, set it to perfection and we, poor mortals, had but to wait for Sir Thomas Beecham to record it, HMV ASD388. It is an entrancing disc that will never leave my collection but, nevertheless, I must keep as firm a hand on myself as Sir Thomas has on the French National Radio Orchestra—the first movement may be a trifle on the fast side, with the slightest edge on the violins, for some tastes but that is being hypercritical. It is coupled with an exceptional rendering of Lalo's rarely heard *Symphony in G minor* (mono ALP1761).

The New World

This beautiful symphony of Dvorak's must, surely, find its way into everyone's collection sooner or later, as it has into the world of choreographers. Both Ferdin Lallement and Maurice Morenoff have used it for their ballets, *Variations dans un Style Romantique* and *Le Géographie en Images*. Pye's recent issue in their Golden Guinea series with Hugo Rignold and the LPO, GSGL10067, is certainly good value. He keeps the rhythm and flow moving without hurrying the lyrical passages; tonally it is pleasant to the ear and the stereo spread is good—the brass a little rough occasionally (mono GGL0067).

As a Phantom

Many of you will have seen Perrottet's ballet, *As a Phantom*, for the City Ballet Society which he choreographed to Schumann's *Kinder-scenen and Romance in F sharp*. What wonderful feeling these *Scenes from Childhood* have, and the well-known pianist, Rudolf Firkusny, plays them with considerable understanding, Capitol SP8526. For me, however, it does not quite come up to Gieseking's rendering, 33C1014 (mono only)—even with its bad surface. Gieseking is a little more tender in his approach and perhaps his "children" are slightly more lovable but that is very personal. Firkusny, on the reverse side, gives a poetic performance of Chopin's *B minor Sonata* and stereo gives greater depth to even a solo instrument (mono P8526).

Symphonic Variations

César Franck's score choreographed by Ashton for his famous ballet, *Symphonic Variations*, and Schumann's *Piano Concerto*, used by Nijinska for her *Schumann Concerto*, are coupled on HMV CSD1278. They are an attractive pair and I think these performances, given by Moura Lympny and the R.P.O. with Silvestri conducting will please many readers. They have a certain "go" and full-bloodedness about them and the stereo version has good depth and separation. Nevertheless I should have preferred a trifle less robustness and more poetry, particularly in the Schumann. Listen to some of each work before you decide (mono CLP1288).

Stereo

The greater enjoyment I have had from my records since I turned to stereo, makes me sincerely hope that my readers will also take the plunge. In this sphere, there is no question that to buy the best apparatus you can afford repays a hundredfold. My own consists of the Decca FFSS stereo pick-up, the latest Collaro Transcription unit, the Quad 22 Control Unit and amplifiers and 12 inch Goodman Loudspeakers, with ARU units, in padded and curtained cabinets of their own design. Aim, if you can, at something of this calibre, as from my experience you will not regret any sacrifice you may have had to make. I must not forget two other items that I would never be without, for stereo or mono—Cecil Watts' "Dust Bug" and the Auriol Pickup Control. They are a great help.

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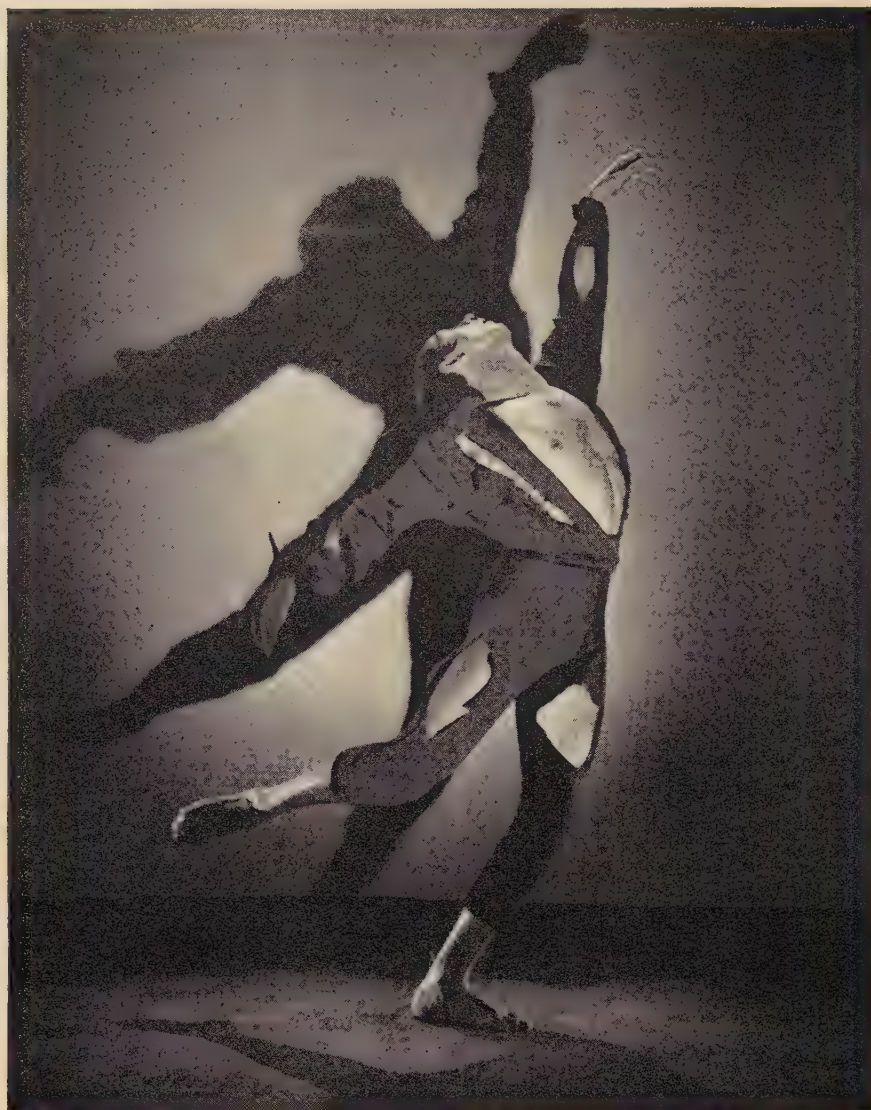
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Ronald Emblen as the Witch Boy

Photo: Houston Rogers

Festival Ballet Tour

PART ONE

VENICE

by ROBERT PATERSON

ON the 25th, 26th and 27th February, Festival Ballet, directed by Doctor Julian Braunschweig, gave performances at the Fenice with outstanding success. They had not been here since 1951, and it was the first time that I had seen them.

One thing was made abundantly clear from the start; and that was that the admixture of British and foreign elements composing this troupe is quite irresistible and, in my experience, unprecedented. Thus, while the fiery élan and immediate brilliance of the foreign element continually acts as a spur to the more slowly revealed talent of the British, the tenderness, freshness, and enchanting reserve of the latter most surely brings out all the depth of feeling of which the former is capable, and also the passionate willingness to do everything possible to give loyal co-operation. How well the two groups

complement each other; and would that such could also be the state of affairs in international politics!

So strong is their vocation that sometimes these dancers seem to be in a state of ecstasy. As I sat in the wings watching *Sylphides*, a girl, waiting to make her entrance, was singing the music softly to herself entirely transfigured by the beauty of the moment. On another occasion, in the practice-room, under the stupendous drive and inspiration of Woizikowski, the class display so much craving for perfection that they are unable to leave off practising even during the brief moments of rest allowed.

The first performance began with *Sylphides*. It was well given except for too long a pause after the Nocturne, thus breaking the mood. And how was it that one or two girls left the stage at this point? It merely looked as

though they had made a mistake and should have gone off earlier. The soloists were: Olga Ferri, Jennifer Alderton, Gaye Fulton, and Vladimir Skouratoff. Ferri's immaculate placing of the foot is a lovely thing to watch, albeit a trifle calculated, whilst the two English girls with their more natural style, although not so brilliant, were equally pleasing. Skouratoff's effortless leap and neatly struck cabrioles were matched by his tenderness and charm when supporting Ferri. The port de bras of the corps was very lovely.

Don Quixote Pas de Deux—Marilyn Burr and Oleg Briansky. From the first moment to the last these two young artists completely astounded the audience with the brilliance of their dancing. Each is the perfect foil of the other, and they obviously enjoy dancing together so much that it is difficult to envisage them with other partners. And there is a freshness about them that is most exhilarat-

the dancing world

ing. Such speed and attack, grace and vitality, are things to marvel at and have not been seen in Venice for years. Briansky's Grand Ecarté leaps at the end, capped by Burr's diagonal ballonne (with the working leg shooting out quicker and quicker) brought down the house at both performances.

The Witch Boy—This is an interesting ballet with a first-rate score by Leonard Salzedo, and cleverly contrived and contrasted choreography by Jack Carter. But I think that the scenario could be altered here and there with advantage. The scene is laid in a lonely outpost of civilisation where a small population of lumberjacks and backwoodsmen eke out a precarious livelihood. It is a little strange, therefore, to see their local minister (Skouratoff) take the stage wearing a showy black velvet smoking-jacket, and looking for all the world like some melodramatic villain out of one of Ouida's romances. The next moment this individual is seen making objectionable advances to Barbara Allen (Belinda Wright) in full view of her family who, apparently, are not at all put out! As presumably this ballet is not intended as a farce, why not have one of the lumbermen make these advances, and let the parson come on later, more appropriately dressed, for the denunciation scene?

Again, is it not a little strange to find that the sinister blind magician dwells in a cave merely a few yards away from the workers' canteen? Hardly a spot for jolly drinking! But do away with the cave entrance, get McDowell to substitute a dark wood in the background, and the scene becomes reasonable at once. Lastly, it is vitally important that one or two people should observe Barbara and the witch-boy running off together at the magician's behest, so as to be in a position to denounce the witch-boy as evil later on. Otherwise, the witch-boy is obviously a total and inoffensive stranger, and his immediate lynching completely illogical and ridiculous.

Jack Carter's choreography reaches its height in the terrifying pas seul when the witch-boy (Ronald Emblen) is created, the succeeding pas de deux with Belinda Wright which reaches a frenzied climax, and the splendidly contrasted square dance that follows on. Emblen's solo is simply terrific, his convulsions and speed are amazing, and Belinda Wright matches him in speed in the passionate pas de deux that follows. This dancer possesses immense powers of dramatic portrayal, but she is inclined to let her head droop too much, so that her vivid facial expression is hidden. The surprise ending of this ballet is very effective.

Graduation Ball—This old favourite went down well and the cadets came on and went off with a precision conspicuously lacking when mostly the same young men appeared as guardsmen in *London Morning*. Diane Westernman and Susan Winterton alternated in the role of the mischievous young lady, both excellent, Gillian Shane just about tied with Jennifer Alderton in the frotté competition, and so did Carol Yule; whilst Louis Godfrey as the drummer danced with splendid aplomb and swagger. Deirdre O'Conaire and Jelko Yuresha were very pleasing in the short lyrical episode, O'Conaire dancing with great elegance. Yuresha wore a well made kilt and plaid, but his sporrán was much too high. Why does this always happen in ballet?

The programme was changed for the last performance and opened with *London Morning*. This work succeeded here mostly,

I think, on account of the comic incidents and because of its novel effect on the Venetians, very few of whom have ever been to London. Personally, I think it ought to be taken out of the repertory unless it can be considerably improved. Noel Coward's music had none of his old inspiration and merely sounded like a rehash of second rate musical comedies; some of the episodes, too, were merely vulgar or silly. And if the Guards must be parodied, it must certainly not be the slipshod affair we saw here, but the most perfect drill and timing on a par with the famous parade of the tin soldiers in the original *Chauve Souris*. The best thing in the ballet was William Constable's impressive scenery. As for the costumes, not one of the guardsmen's tunics fitted!

Lifar's charming *Aubade*, skilfully choreographed by Skouratoff, with music by Poulenc, tells the story of Actaeon's punishment at the hands of Diana. The ballet consists of a series of pas de deux relieved by a small section of the corps, who appear as Diana's maidens. As Diana, Deirdre O'Conaire displayed a perfection of elegance and chaste beauty of line such as I cannot recall being surpassed by anyone. Every movement has supreme distinction, and with it goes a charming personality and the ability to please. Skouratoff as Actaeon was as perfect a foil to O'Conaire as Briansky had been to Burr. I must add that Poulenc's piano concerto was extremely well played by the Company's pianist, whose name, unfortunately, did not appear on the programme.

Grand Pas Des Fiancees—This brilliant extract from the beginning of Act III of *Swan Lake* has been used by Jack Carter to exploit the characteristics of six outstanding dancers, in much the same way as Ashton worked in *Birthday Offering*. But here we have some splendid music rarely, if ever, heard nowadays, on account of it making the ballet too long.

The six princesses were danced by Belinda Wright, Marilyn Burr, Olga Ferri, Jeannette Minty, Dianne Richards, and Carol Yule; and I am happy to assure my London colleague* that no sign of nervousness was discernible in Dianne Richards's performance, and that she danced splendidly. Jeannette Minty's variation was perhaps the most outstanding, and was given in the grand manner associated with this part of the ballet. But there was really very little to choose between any of such evenly matched dancers. Norman McDowell's costumes were utterly ravishing, quasi oriental but each quite different, and when all six danced together in the finale the coruscations were nearly as brilliant as those of a rapidly turned kaleidoscope.

I have no space to write fully of *Bourrée Fantasque*, but hope to do so after I have seen the Company again in Trieste. Except for some raggedness in the diagonals towards the close of the finale the ballet was well danced and brought the evening to a close 'midst rapturous applause.

Despite difficulties in rehearsal timings, Geoffrey Corbett secured fine playing from the Fenice Orchestra, and conducted throughout with every consideration for the dancers.

*This refers to Fernau Hall's review of Dianne Richards's performance in *Nutcracker* at the Royal Festival Hall, London during the Company's Christmas Season (*Ballet Today*, issue March, 1961).

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SALZBURG

WITHOUT Milorad Miskovitch—but under his name—the Etoiles de Paris (artistic direction: Lidova) are presently touring Austria and Germany. Since both the repertoire (*Le Rideau Rouge*; *Le Combat*; *Quatuor*; etc.) and the leading dancers (e.g. Madeleine Lafon; Guliano; Vassili Sulich) are well known, I would like to limit my report of this otherwise creditable company to an artistic "fall into the pit". The repertoire carries a so-called "Pas de Trois" from *Swan Lake II*, the choreography of which is credited to a Yugoslav choreographer who deserves no mention for the following reasons: (1) The backbone of the ballet is Petipa's Pas de Trois from *Swan Lake*, Act I, broken up into portions, or rather hacked to pieces. (2) The Petipa choreography is stretched by interspersed variations, especially an adagio, to other bits of Tchaikovsky music. This might be tolerable if the added choreography had been conceived in the specific spirit of the Pas de Trois. However, the adagio evolves into a series of love pas de deux, first with one girl, then with the other. This and the patchwork choreography violate Petipa's work, which is essentially an innocent and brilliant show-piece.

Did a guilty conscience withhold the mention of Petipa?

WILFRIED HOFMANN

REPORTS OF FESTIVAL BALLET SEASONS IN TRIESTE, FLORENCE AND MONTE CARLO WILL FOLLOW IN LATER ISSUES.

REVIEW FROM NEW YORK

THE Italian Centennial celebration being conducted throughout the United States was responsible for the first of the New York City Ballet's premières. *Momentum Pro Gesualdo*, with music by Igor Stravinsky and choreography by George Balanchine, as well as a second ballet, *Variations From Don Sebastian*, were part of the salute to Italy. The score for *Momentum* was conceived by Stravinsky as homage to Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa who was well-known for his musical innovations of the 17th century.

From Stravinsky's almost geometrically precise, stylistic essay Balanchine has fashioned a fragment possessing neither cohesion nor flair. The curtain rises on a bare stage with a few simple lines by David Hays drawn as a backdrop. The piece is nothing more than a long, extended pas de deux with seven pairs of dancers providing occasional counterpoint. *Momentum* offers little to separate it from many of Balanchine's exercises for a class in adagio. This time Stravinsky has provided his colleague with a score neither witty nor profound. Balanchine has reacted with something akin to absent-mindedness. We feel that for once the master was distracted. Diana Adams and Conrad Ludlow perform as devoted and serious disciples but the effect is not memorable. It simply leaves one with a depressing sense of waste.

The second new work was more felicitous. *Variations From Don Sebastian* is set to music from an unfamiliar opera by Gaetano Donizetti. The choreography was once again by Balanchine but this time a Balanchine light of heart, brilliant and mischievous. David Hays setting reminds me of one of those pastel Southern Italian towns for Donizetti's own opera buffas. The girls are dressed in pink, violet and blue candy-box costumes by Karinska while the boys look dashing in maroon velvet tunics with cream coloured tights by Esteban Frances. The two principals on opening night, Melissa Hayden and Jonathan Watts, were given an intricate, fairly ugly pas de deux. So many of the static moments were marred by squat, bent-knee positions. The two solo variations and coda which follow are exciting if only for the inclusion of some classical combinations we seldom see. The ballet's biggest flaw occurs in the next to final corps section. Here, Balanchine has let his contempt for a maudlin brass passage lead him into some rather cheap comedy. Without the offensive, though fleeting, parody *Don Sebastian* would be a work of higher than average calibre.

Jazz Concert, the third new work of the season, consists really of four short works set to jazz dabbings by classical composers at various stages in their careers. The work includes "La Creation Du Monde," Darius Milhaud's experiment with primitive rhythms; Francis Poulenc's sophisticated 1920's concept, "Les Biches"; and two scores by Igor Stravinsky—the earlier "Ragtime" (1918) concerning itself with the historico-theatrical element in negro jazz, the minstrel show, and the later "Ebony Concerto" (1946) which is primarily a purely musical sortie into the marriage of musical technique *per se* (classical or modern) to jazz rhythms. Its semi-detachment is a fore runner of the "cool" cerebral jazz of the present era.

"The Creation Of The World" has choreography by Todd Bolender and scenery designed by David Hays. The curtain rises on a darkened stage with an almost malignant lunar orb hanging overhead. Adam and Eve, nude and alone, are followed by a march of characters representing successive civilizations. They finally exit wearing trench coats. The acquisition of clothes, jewels and money by the heroine, in a swift montage of the twenties, impedes progress of the simple boy-meets-girl story which is the nucleus of the ballet. Mr. Bolender's jazz steps are derivative of *Age of Anxiety* and *Billion Dollar Baby*. The false world of the ticker tape and its material values finally collapses and boy and girl once more find each other. This ballet lacks original dance movement but has amusing moments. Edward Villella and Janet Reed give excellent thumbnail characterizations ably supported by Arthur Mitchell as the heroine's tempter and Lois Bewly as Bangles.

"Ragtime" uses Robert Drew's riverboat back drop for *Blackface*, a Ballet Society production of many years ago. The movement Balanchine has set for his dancers is that of two grotesque dolls—all angular knees and elbow joints, many stabbings at the floor with points on the part of the girl while her partner does a highly stylized shuffle. In the form of a sophisticated cakewalk Balanchine has made a dance for live puppets. It is not fortuitous. Diana Adams and Bill Carter are faithful to Balanchine's intentions.

Of the four works, it is perhaps, Francisco Moncion's reworking of "Les Biches" which remains truest to its original period. It does not pretend to be anything more than nostalgic, slightly arch glance at the haute monde world of the twenties: white flannels, Patou, Chanel and Thé Dansants. Woven rather deftly into the slight framework of a garden party are wisps of a fragile romance. Slight as it is "Les Biches" does give a much overlooked young man his chance. More attention should be paid to Anthony Blum. He could be a strong addition to the soloist ranks. He is a fine dancer with a lyrical quality and a well developed classical line. He makes an agreeable partner as well. Sara Leland is fresh and a little wistful as his young vis-a-vis.

The last part of *Jazz Concert*, "Ebony Concerto" was written more as an essay for solo instrument and orchestra. Stravinsky has always made of his solo instruments integrated voices who seldom lead, and often weave themselves so tightly and succinctly into the fabric of the score, that they seem to disappear, only to bubble forth again. The composer offers all but the most astutely musical craftsmen chimeric problems of insurmountable proportions. At their best, men like Balanchine and Ashton, with infallible, if different, musical plombs, can make the most of Stravinsky but even they sometimes fall victims. For many younger choreographers he remains an enigma. Choreographer John Taras' ballet is formless, adhering only occasionally to its musical line. It consists of classical steps and jazz movement without ever resolving the question of unity. Mr. Taras has a good grasp of the classical vocabulary and an only fair feeling for jazz movement. In this case the Stravinsky enigma has conspired with a split idiom to

defeat the choreographer.

Liebeslieder Walzer can be called a choreographer's ballet. Certainly it will provide choreographers with infinite delight, for its effortless variations bubble up from some inexhaustible well of talent. The work is not really a ballet but a music and dance lesson performed by ladies and their escorts at a mid-19th-century Viennese salon. David Hays has designed a charming replica of one and Karinska has costumed the four ladies elegantly in long, flowing gowns, while their escorts sport buff trousers and velvet jackets of deep blues and greens. The singers stand by a piano stage right. While the dancers attend them, a faint light permeates the oblong salon through several French windows directly behind the dancers.

Suddenly the lithograph-like scene comes to life as the first waltz begins. The form Balanchine has chosen for Part I of the work is to open with ensemble movement, proceed to solo couples and then finish as a ronde. The ingenuity of each waltz variation is as delicate and varied as the music which supports it. It is not possible to know if there is any direct relationship between Friedrich Daumer's poems and the context of the dances. We are told there is none. This is a favourite Balanchine ruse. However, there is interwoven in the waltz fabric a curious, erotic interchange of personal relationships as well as partners. There is a subtle alteration in the emotional rapport of each partnership. The sets of dances for Part I, Opus 52, display a marked difference in overall tone from those of Part II, Opus 65, being more intimate, delicate and amorous; the latter are colder, more sweeping and theatrical in their movement. Balanchine busies himself with the mechanics of kines-thetic responses to musical impetus: rhythms and variations. But because he possesses extraordinary perception and sensitivity, the dancers transcend being mere symbols and remain human, chameleonic and fascinating.

The last premiere of the season was called *Modern Jazz: Variants* and was set to a specially commissioned score by Gunther Schuller with choreography by George Balanchine. Mr. Schuller, a 35-year-old composer has been active in both jazz and classical fields. The present work, the programme notes tell us, was composed in 1960 and "attempts to fuse the inflections and sonorities of the jazz idiom with the language and formal techniques of the most contemporary classical music. These elements are also reflected in Mr. Balanchine's choreography."

The Modern Jazz Quartet seated on the stage was backed up by a large ensemble in the pit. The entire combination was led by the composer. Right from the word "Go" the ballet tripped over its own erudition. Everyone was so busy being esoteric and "cool" that the work ended up being as "cool" as any zero could possibly be.

The introduction for Diana Adams, Melissa Hayden, John Jones, Arthur Mitchell, and a supporting corps of twelve, sets the tone for the entire piece. The dancing takes the form of exposition by a soloist followed by her partner's variations on the same theme and recapitulation by the ensemble after the four soloists have "spoken." Variant I for Adams and Jones is unfortunate in its pairing of

MUNICH

Winfried Krisch as Siegfried

A YEAR ago one could see the complete *Swan Lake* production in the West only by the Royal Ballet, in Cuba and—in Basle. In the meantime the Munich and Paris productions have been added to the list. Still it is quite an event if a young dancer has the good luck to dance the full role of Siegfried—an opportunity that even Erik Bruhn has not yet had. In the case of Winfried Krisch, his début in the Munich *Swan Lake* has immediately attained international significance (February 18): Krisch (soloist with the Cologne Opera Ballet), after only a short study period, presented from the outset a new Siegfried. His is a melancholic, contemplative prince—a prince with a young body and an old face that reminds one of Marcel Marceau. Hamlet as Prince Siegfried! This interpretation brings to the role a new credibility not evoked by those glorious fairy-tale princes like MacLeary and Fadeychev; that this Prince Siegfried is completely submitted to the will of his mother—he is trapped. His characterization is unwittingly aided by what otherwise would be an incorrect stage habit, that of slightly stooping the shoulders and of thrusting the head a bit forward. The entire effect is one of decadent elegance and a brooding absent-mindedness. In Munich Heino Hallhuber attacks this role more as an actor than a dancer. Therefore, it was very satisfactory to discover in Krisch also a very careful partner (to Dulce Anaya) and a technician with a high, soft jump, beautifully beaten entrechats huit and a mannered run that derives its drama from its timing and acceleration. Here is a German dancer who seems certain to reach the heights attained by Peter van Dyk and Rainer Köchermann, and who already surpasses these brilliant technicians in his miming. Thus, Anaya, who in spite of her small stature makes a commanding queen, had to share the enthusiastic applause with a “debutant”.

WILFRIED HOFMANN

Hope Sheridan's review from New York

Continued from page 24

dancers. John Jones moves well and smoothly integrates classical movement with the freedom of jazz but the same cannot be said for Diana Adams. Her movement is angular but not particularly indigenous to the jazz score and her manner is one of “genteel” repression. Jazz movement under such conditions borders on the ludicrous. Melissa Hayden fares somewhat better in Variant 3. Her partner, Arthur Mitchell, is equally at home in classical or jazz idiom and the atmosphere established between the two prepares the audience for Miss Hayden's dynamic Variant 4, to pounding tympany. Miss Hayden has an innate sense of the theatre, and in a variation consisting of turns to steadily increasing drum beats she is able to build dynamic tensions to a crescendo. It is the best variation of the entire work for at least it realizes the capacities of its soloist.

Modern Jazz: Variants may be a new direction for Balanchine. If so, it shows us the weakest link in the chain. Although he knows much about the more sophisticated elements of syncopation, Mr. Balanchine still has a great deal to learn about jazz.

SAN FRANCISCO

BLAME it on fate, the weather, or human frailty, but the fact is: four dance companies performed here recently, and all four were dull.

The appearance of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in no way made one optimistic about the future of this once illustrious organization. Igor Youskevitch was guest artist and Helene Trailine and Tania Chevtchenko were introduced to local audiences. Youskevitch's performances showed the strain of touring and neither ballerina aroused enthusiasm.

Sole novelty was a three act *Swan Lake* (minus act one) staged by Nina Novak (who danced Odette-Odile) and Anatole Vilzak with a Bolshoi-style happy ending. What could have been a valuable addition to the company's classical repertoire proved lacklustre in performance.

The Zachary Solov Ballet Ensemble, a new touring group of ten dancers, made its début here. The dancers, headed by Irina Borovska and Michael Maule, were competent. But Solov, noted for his work with the Metropolitan Opera, provided insipid choreography.

Chez Tchaikovsky was an interminable series of genre sketches about old Russia. A ballet based on Gluck's *Orfeo* had little formal beauty or dramatic intensity. *Allegresse* was an unmusical abstraction to Mendelssohn's first piano concerto which ignored the score's phrasing and structure.

Ruth Page's Chicago Opera Ballet is appropriately named for two reasons. First of all, it dances with the Chicago Lyric Opera. Secondly, many of its ballets are based upon opera plots. While it is understandable that a choreographer occasionally might be inspired by an opera, Miss Page's systematic invasion of grand opera seems a

rather peculiar obsession, as peculiar as it would be if an opera company started singing *Swan Lake* or *Giselle*.

The San Francisco programme contained two operatic ballets—*Camille (La Traviata)*, which Melissa Hayden danced beautifully, and an inane *Fledermaus*—plus the jazzy *Concertino Pour Trois* (Constant).

The ballets contained chic choreography and décor, at best, stylish; at worst, superficial. Such surface opulence is responsible for both the company's unique flavour and its greatest weakness. For Miss Page can dress her stage handsomely, but cannot always achieve the full pathos or merriment demanded by her subject matter. And when this happens, her ballets become, not effective dance drama, but choreographic interior decoration.

The month's single modern dance concert, one by the Contemporary Dancers, was also uneven.

Opus Jazz, shown earlier in truncated form, was presented complete. The weakest section of the old version, a juvenile delinquency sketch, was wisely dropped. The work now contains Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto* and a Stan Kenton *Divertimento*, notable for a boogie solo by the choreographer, J. Marks.

Premiered was *A Streetcar Named Desire* (Marks-Pete Rugolo), which needs pruning for it overstates its points, although it successfully conveys Blanche's terror as she feels herself menaced by a hostile world. A choreographer inspired by an existing literary work may, of course, interpret that work as he chooses. Nevertheless, it seemed unfortunate that, whereas Tennessee Williams' plays, for all their violent grotesquerie, are the products of a moralist's temperament, Marks' ballet was too often only hysterical.

JACK ANDERSON

NEWS FROM PARIS

IN April the Théâtre des Nations will begin its fifth season in Paris. Dramatic, operatic and dance companies will take part. No longer will performances be given only in the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt: they will also take place in the Champs-Élysées, the Vieux Colombier, etc.

There will be the following dance performances:

The Berlin Opera will present *Paeon*, an electronic ballet by Rémi Gassman and Oskar Sal, and Boris Blacher's ballet *The Moor of Venice*. The ballet company of the Berlin opera will also dance in Schönberg's opera *Moses and Aaron*, with choreography by Dore Hoyer.

The Budapest Opera will present two Bartok ballets, *The Wooden Prince* and *The Miraculous Mandarin*.

Maurice Béjart, who now directs the Ballet of the Twentieth Century at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, will present an evening of ballet with music by modern composers. He will also do the choreography for the opera *Aniara* in which the young dancer Tania Bari will have a very important role.

Latin America will be represented by a large Cuban company, a large Mexican folk-dance company, and the Ballet Peruano of Lima, a company which brings a modern approach to folk themes.

The Lebanon will be sending a folk-dance company with a hundred dancers; also to come are the National Companies of Niger and Madagascar.

The Sleeping Beauty staged by the company

of the Marquis de Cuevas continued with the same large attendance and even greater enthusiasm from the public. This show, which began on 28th October at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, closed in Paris on 18th February. The show, which cost the Marquis about 150 million old francs, has taken on average about 1,400,000 old francs at each performance.

One item of news which considerably surprised those not in the secret was the marriage on 7th February in a little village in Vienne, in the centre of France, of Claude Giraud—for many years impresario of the Marquis de Cuevas—and Lyane Dayde, an étoile of the Opera who had recently been appearing with the Cuevas company as guest artist. Since her departure from the Opéra (to which she no longer belongs) Lyane Dayde has been dancing in Russia, in America, in the East, etc.

Taking as a basis the second trumpet concerto of André Jolivet, Georges Skibine will stage for the Opéra Comique a ballet called *Marines*. This will be a short work in three scenes which takes place in a holiday atmosphere at the sea-side. The painter Bernard Daydé will design the décor.

The French National Folk-dance company, just founded by the singer Jacques Douai, will install itself for three months at the Chateau de Marly to prepare its repertoire. This company, which will model itself on the great folk-dance companies of other countries, will have as its maître de ballet the dancer Thérèse Palau, the wife of Jacques Douai.



Galina Ulanova as Maria in the Fountain of Bakchisarai

NEWS FROM RUSSIA

Soviet Artists on Tour

A GROUP of over 100 artists of the Bolshoi Theatre's ballet company left on January 27th for a concert tour of the United Arab Republic. Their programme includes *Swan Lake*, Plisetskaya in the role of Odette-Odile, *The Fountain of Bakchisarai*, with Galina Ulanova in the part of Maria, three one-act ballets (*Chopiniana*, *Walpurgis Night* and *Paganini*), and a large list of divertissement numbers.

In summer, the Bolshoi's ballet company will take part in the Szegeida Theatre Festival in Hungary, and the Leningrad ballet will appear in Great Britain and France.

Soviet ballet groups will also give concerts in Latin America, Australia and New Zealand.

Balletomanes of different countries of the world will see the Folk Dance Company of the USSR directed by I. Moiseyev (USA and Canada), the Beryozka Dance Company directed by Nadezhda Nedezhkina (Belgium, Holland and Italy), the Daghestan Lezhinka Dance Company directed by T. Izralilov (the German Democratic Republic), the Ukrainian Dance Company directed by P. Virsky (Great Britain and Poland), and the Belorussian Dance Company (Hungary).

In Finland, a new production of S. Prokofiev's *Stone Flower* (in a new reading) is being staged by the Bolshoi Theatre's Chief Ballet Master L. Lavrovsky.

New Ballet Productions

Kara-Karayev, the Azerbaijanian author of the ballets, *Seven Beauties* and *The Path of Thunder*, is now writing the music for his new ballet, *Hamlet*, for the Kirov Opera and Ballet Theatre in Leningrad.

The Leningrad Opera and Ballet Theatre recently presented its première performance of L. Laputin's *Masquerade*, after M. Lermontov's drama, in a new reading by the well-known Leningrad choreographer, People's Artist of the RSFSR B. Fenster. The main roles are taken by N. Dudinskaya, A. Shelest (Baronessa Shtral), K. Sergeev, V. Ukhov (Arbenin), I. Kolpakova and N. Petrova (Nina). The decor for the production was designed by Honoured Art Worker T. Bruni.

The ballet turned out to be the "Swan Song" of the talented Fenster who died of heart failure on the stage during its première.

The first version of *Masquerade* was produced by the young Soviet ballet master I. Smirnov at the Tashkent Opera and Ballet Theatre in 1959. At present I. Smirnov is Choreographer of the Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko Theatre in Moscow.

The Bashkirian Opera and Ballet Theatre in Ufa held its première of Nariman Sabitov's *Buratino*, based on the fairy tale by Alexei Tolstoi. The ballet was staged by choreographer H. Safiullin, and the decor, costumes and masks were designed by V. Plekunov. Conducted by the composer himself, the performance starred all the young dancers of the theatre's company.

Among the recent highlights of Moscow's concert season were the folk dance companies of Georgia (art directors I. Sukhishvili and N. Ramishvili), Turkmenia (art director L. Smelyansky) and Moldavia (art director V. Kurbet).

NINA KARASYOVA

CAIRO by JOHN HAYLOCK

THE Belgrade Opera and Ballet Company gave a season of opera and ballet last January at the Cairo Opera House. The main ballet was *The Legend of Lake Ochrida* by the Yugoslav composer Stevan Hristic who was the chief conductor of the Belgrade Opera from 1924-1934, and also one of the principal encouragers in Yugoslavia of Slav opera and modern music inspired by Slav literature and legends.

Lake Ochrida is in the wild and remote country of Macedonia on the Yugoslav-Greek border, and the four act ballet of that name begins in a village on the lake during the period when the country was under Turkish domination. Marko (M. Milan Momcilovic), a young peasant, is in love with Biljana (Mlle. Mira Sanjina), a village girl, but her father has promised her to a rich neighbour. While Marko sits disconsolate, the village boys and girls, in Macedonian folk costume, dance in circles waving handkerchiefs. This is the usual Balkan folk-dance for which handkerchief waving and ring dancing are all that is prescribed; it is a sort of ring o' roses with much trotting and knee bending, but the dancers do not fall down. The men wore white stockings, white plus-fours, white skirts, white blouses and red and black tunics, and the women long white skirts or striped yellow, red and black skirts under red and black dresses, and headscarves. Cumbersome costumes for anything but jolly jumping dances. Mlle. Sanjina was less restricted in a shorter skirt, but M. Momcilovic seemed rather hampered by his plus-fours, full sleeves and long tunic. In their pas de deux the two principal dancers

BELGRADE BALLET—continued

kept mostly to the country steps, but one felt they longed to throw off their impedimenta, leap into tights and allow their limbs freedom so that they could express themselves properly; it was evident that M. Momcilovic and Mlle. Sanjina are practised dancers, capable of excellence. Mlle. Sanjina with dark hair and good looks, has an expressive face and a fine profile, and she mimes well. M. Momcilovic is an experienced dancer and has a sure control, but he was prevented, it seemed, in this ballet, from showing his best. The pas de deux was followed by a wedding dance, more spirited but similar to the opening number. Then the Sultan's janissaries appeared and carried off the villagers and thus brought an end to the first act.

Marko, the hero, follows Biljana into captivity. He falls asleep by a lake out of which comes a group of water-nymphs in green chiffon. The nymphs are obviously Balkan nymphs for they at once hold hands, form two circles and dance round and round. The Morning Star appears in sparkling blue and proper ballet shoes and does a pas seul with classical steps, and then the Pearl in water-green bodice and tutu and ballet shoes enters and performs a pas de deux with

Marko. Again M. Momcilovic seemed restricted and his plus-fours and loose blouse and sleeves did not go well with the Pearl's neat costume. Neither the Morning Star (Mlle. Magdalena Janeva) nor the Pearl (Mlle. Rut Parnel) danced with much assurance; this was partly the fault of the music which was dreamy and indefinite and not easy to dance to. The Pearl gives Marko a magic flower and a magic sword, and M. Momcilovic ends the act with a competent pas seul brandishing his sword.

At the Sultan's court the turbaned Sultan is rightly bored by his harem dancers who do little but rattle large tambourines; he is also not amused by a half-hearted sword dance done by his bodyguard; one is not surprised that he can hardly keep awake when the captives are dragged on and perform lukewarm dances of protest. However, he rises to his feet and allows his face to show more than a flicker of pleasure when Biljana is forced to dance, for the attractive Mlle. Sanjina puts much life into her dance of protest. Marko arrives, throws the magic flower to Biljana who turns into a dove and flies away, and then kills the Sultan and his entire court with his whirling sword and releases the prisoners.

Back in the village the boys and girls cross

arms and dance together in a line, but soon they are in a circle, and out come their handkerchiefs. Marko is sad as Biljana has not returned, however she soon does and then out comes her handkerchief and they dance together, the men, handkerchiefs out too, spin round the happy couple in a circular dance with agile knee bendings and leg crossings. Then Biljana continues her pas de deux with Marko and the boys and girls dance round and round again. Though repetitive this lively final dance was done with skill, precision and vivacity and was the best dance of the evening; it had a freshness that was captivating.

The simple country dances were well done, perfectly executed, but country dances are essentially limited and are not in themselves enough to make a ballet; the lack in variety of dance is the weakness in the *Legend of Lake Ochrida*. These Yugoslav dancers, especially the principals, have ability, and are, it seemed, capable of doing much more than their choreographer (Mlle. Margareta Froman) allowed them to do. The music for the circular folk dances (the Cairo Symphony Orchestra was conducted by M. Dusan Miladnovic of the Belgrade Company) was rousing and rhythmical, but it tended to be uncertain and themeless when away from its folk basis.

THE LEGEND OF LAKE OCHRIDA

Centre: Mira Sanjina and Milan Momcilovic, with the Belgrade Ballet.

Photo: Levi.



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